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# WIT AND WISDOM OF KITTY FOYLE

Lovable heroine of great novel ticks life off on her typewriter

Kitty Foyle, heroine of Christopher Morley's best-selling novel, is already famous in America and England for her pungent comments on life from a woman's viewpoint.

The Australian Women's Weekly has bought serial rights to "Kitty Foyle," and the first instalment will be published next week.

**M**EANWHILE we give you a selection of some of the more memorable of Kitty's summings-up of her experiences of life.

Many people will disagree with much of Kitty's philosophy, but none can fail to be stimulated and entertained, or to admit that she is an honest and forthright woman.

Kitty had no advantages of high birth or wealth. But she had intelligence, honesty, health, and good looks. She had, too, a shrewd, lovable old father—probably the most memorable of the book's characters other than Kitty.

She made her own way in the world, life hurt her, but she knew all the answers. Here are some of them:

## Kitty on women . . .

**L**IVING in an hotel for women is terrible on morale. A neurosis to every room.

Lots of girls call themselves bachelor girls, but a bachelor is that way on purpose.

There's not any light in the world that hurts as much as the late sunsets at quitting time . . . when you leave the office and think you haven't anywhere special to go.

What is it about young girls that makes giggling such a comfort to them? Wyn used to say, they're walking a tightrope over lunacy.

It's not fair to get a down on women, because men have so much

more time for thinking. Men don't have to tuck a dress under their knees every time they sit down in a windy subway car or figure if they'll have a fresh pair of gloves for lunch. A man has more chance to get away from being a man.

Girls don't take girls seriously, no matter what age.

You wear what other people are wearing not so much because it's attractive but so as not to be conspicuous; so you can go on being yourself underneath, without being noticed too much. Except by the people you want to be noticed by.

Nobody in her senses offers too much advice about a woman's dress after she's picked it out.

Every woman ought to have at least a year's experience in an office, just to teach her how to get rid of people who call without an appointment and make themselves a nuisance.

Few girls are as well-shaped as a good horse.

I notice how you'll take medical advice from the hairdresser quicker than from most doctors, because he knows a woman who looks attractive feels healthy right away.

## Kitty on men . . .

**I** HATE to see men overdressed. A man ought to look like he's put together by accident, not added up on purpose.

Men are good about telling the world, but pretty often some woman whispered it to him first.

It's bad for a man to know how much he needs to learn. I guess every woman is a schoolmistress in her heart.

Whatever goes wrong downtown with men, dames are expected to be able to iron it out before dinner is served.

The men I'd been seeing in New York probably never saw a fox except round somebody's neck on instalments.

## Pop used to say . . .

**P**OP used to say: "I'll be glad when those clothes of yours grow up. It's homesome washing that don't have a woman's clothes among it." I guess there's a lot of women good and sick of nothing but feminine flimsies coming home in the bundle.

Pop said once: "We've had bad luck with our kids. They've all grown up."

Pop says: "If you can sit on one animal and chase another you get to be an 'Esquire.'"

The old man was smart. He knew when to treat a kid of fourteen like a woman and when to treat her like a baby. That's not so easy.

**R**EAD about the guts of the pioneer woman and the woman of the dustbowl and the gingham goddess of the covered waggon. What about the woman of the covered typewriter? . . . I see them in subways and on buses, putting up a good fight in their pretty clothes and keeping their heebiebies to themselves. There's something so courageous about it, it hurts me . . . Maybe these white-collar girls (their union label is the alarm clock) who've learned what to do without wouldn't make such bad wives after all."—Kitty Foyle.



Ginger Rogers as she appears in the RKO production of Christopher Morley's "Kitty Foyle," soon to be released in Australia. The book begins in serial form in next week's Australian Women's Weekly.

## Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE



LADY READING

Half-a-million women

ONE of the three English women recipients of New Year Honors, the Dowager Marchioness of Reading, D.B.E., is outstanding among Britain's women leaders.

She controls the activities of over half-a-million women as organiser and chairman of the Women's Voluntary Service for Civil Defence.



PROFESSOR T. SIZER

Art on tour

**E**XCHANGE of art collections is an effective method of strengthening bonds between the democracies," declares Professor T. Sizer, director of Yale University Art Gallery, U.S.A., in Australia to collect paintings by Australian artists for exhibition in America.

"Art galleries should be stimulating places, full of things that really interest the people," he says.



MISS B. WARDROP (left) AND MISS M. KING

Colorists

**"W**E'VE got to keep on the alert, the work requires patience, accuracy and an eye for detail and we never talk about our job," say Melbourne girls Miss Betty Wardrop and Miss Meryl King, colorists on staff of the Department of the Interior. Recently posted to the Air Force, they assist skilled draughtsmen to prepare copies of plans for R.A.A.F. schools and training units.

Miss King has studied art. Miss Wardrop has served an architect's apprenticeship.



## Picture yourself in such a setting

Women who find such happiness do not belong to fiction only. Perfect romance is the natural right of every girl who learns how to fascinate and appear alluring—and who knows, the appeal of a slim smooth face, soft, in line, Erasmic Face Powder can help to make your own complexion soft and lovely as the heart of a flower. Closely and evenly it clings, hour after hour—its fragrance giving to the senses only so much as makes them long for more.

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# ABOVE SUSPICION

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26 MAR 1941

**Gripping Secret Service drama of a Britisher who dared bluff the Gestapo.**

**N**OBODY would have dreamed that Herr Herman Herring was deeply concerned; but then nobody would have dreamed that the quiet Bavarian craftsman, who painted on leather as nobody else could paint, was the son of a Kentish squire and had won the saddle at Sandhurst in 1912.

His papers were all in order—his papers had been in order for fifteen years. Moreover, since he was very careful, only three men in the world knew that the language he spoke was not his mother tongue. And none of these three was German. He had been shot through the throat in what is still called the Great War; in fact, he was hit while saving a British gun, but everyone thought he was hit while carrying rations up to the Hindenburg Line.

That he loved the craft which he practised there can be no doubt. It gave him infinite pleasure to reproduce some great picture and turn his reproduction into some useful thing. His screens fetched high prices in London; Americans visiting Munich sought out his tiny shop; Goering had commissioned a cigarette.

Irony went all lengths when the Chief of the local Gestapo requested the British agent to make him a miniature badge.

All his leather was dressed by an old country tanner, who knew his whisks. Once a month, more or less, Herring would visit the tanner and choose his skins. This meant staying a night at a village inn, twelve crow's miles from the frontier; but what if it did? The man was above suspicion. Time and an infinite patience had done the trick.

So much for Herring's armor. For the rest—well, in three men's mouths his name was a household word. Not his name, perhaps—his number.

Major G. F. Herring was known as "72." His reports were beyond all price. He knew what to look for and never forgot what he saw; he knew what to listen to and never forgot what he heard; best of all, the man had vision.

And now, this August morning, the spy was deeply concerned.

He had left Munich, as usual, the day before, had chosen a score of skins, and had slept at the little inn which knew him so well. As usual, he had risen at daybreak, to make the most of the mountains before he drove to the station to catch his train; and, as usual, he had visited his "letter-box," which was so faithfully cleared by "Carrier Pigeon 6." (The "letter-box" was an oak, which no one on earth would have known for a hollow tree; but hollow it was, and a canister lay within).

There he found that his "letter-box" had not been cleared—that the last dispatch he had "posted" was lying where he had laid it three weeks before.

Herring emptied the canister and put it back into the oak. Then he strolled out of the thicket and on down the mountain side. The man was worried to death. If his old dispatch was important, the one he had brought to post contained matter of life and death. That it should be carried was vital. Somehow Great Britain must know the news it contained.

"Such heavy movements of troops can mean only one thing . . . Two days after that date the attack will



Illustrated by WEP

be launched . . . The gas in question is only handled by men whose masks contain . . .

For a moment Herring considered going himself. At once he dismissed the notion as that of a fool. Good Germans were not leaving, but coming home.

It was possible that he would not be permitted to go. In any event, his mere application for permission would instantly render him suspect—ruin the cloak of darkness which he had so patiently woven for fifteen years. There were, of course, other ways, but now the Gestapo was rampant, and Herring mistrusted the channels he had so seldom used.

In case of war, he had devised a means of replacing "Carrier Pigeon 6." But the details were in his pocket. They were contained in his three-weeks-old dispatch.

The man raised his eyebrows and sighed. He had, of course, been very lucky till now. Last September, for instance, he had delivered the goods. Still, what was the use of that if now, when the fuse had been lit, he was going to fail?

Herring began to whistle a musical comedy value . . .

Half an hour later he struck the mountain road which would bring him back to the village in twenty minutes' time.

He rounded a bend, to see a sports car by the side of the way. Its bonnet was raised, and either a boy or a girl was peering inside. Oh, a girl—he could see her bare arm. An English girl. The car had an English number-plate.

The man caught his breath.

The car was bound for the frontier—at least, it was facing that way. If the girl could be trusted and he could speak to the girl . . . if she had a head on her shoulders and knew how to hold her tongue . . . It was madness, of course. He knew it. Setting at naught the very first rule of the game, and yet—the fuse was burning; and here was the ghost of a chance of letting Great Britain know.

A head came out of the bonnet when he was ten paces away, and Herring was quietly surveyed by a pair of grave, grey eyes in the face of a beautiful child. He clicked his heels together and raised his hat in the air. Then he spoke with a definite accent.

"Can I be of help, if you please?" A charming smile leapt into the lovely face.

"Oh, good! You speak English. I can't speak a word of German—I can't think how anyone does. Any stranger, I mean. Of course it's all right for you."

Herring laughed. "Believe me, we find your language extremely hard."

"Well, you speak it all right," said the child. "And now for this car."

"It is forbidden," cried the guard, placing himself in front of Herring.

I know exactly what's wrong because it's happened before. The caretaker's stuck up. Well, that isn't very serious. I could clean it myself here and now. But I can't get it down. It needs a bigger spanner than any I've got."

"Natural and downright," thought Herring, "but terribly young." Aloud he said, "I'm afraid you have need of a garage, from what you say."

The girl shook her head.

"Not a garage. Only a spanner. And perhaps a mechanic to use it, although I could do it myself."

**H**ERRING thought very fast. The child looked tired.

"I fear the nearest garage is seven miles off. But there is a village quite close. If you will lock your car, I will escort you there and assist you to telephone. And then they will send or bring you the tool you require."

"That's an idea." She closed the bonnet and took a key from the switch. "And while I'm waiting, I'll have a wash and some food. Do you think I could get a hot bath?"

"I think so. There is a very nice inn."

"Then I'd better take this suitcase . . . Oh, thank you so much." She slammed and locked the car door. "You must wonder what I'm doing and why I'm alone."

Herring bowed from the hips.

"I never question my good fortune!"

"You're very polite; but then all Germans are. At least, they have been to me." The two began to move down the road. "As a matter of fact, I'm bolting—running away from a man. I'm travelling alone, you see, and this man's been turning up at every hotel I stayed at and forcing his attentions onto me . . . It's very sick-making, you know."

"Sick-making" exactly describes it. And where are you making for?"

Please turn to page 40



# THE NEWS IN ENGLISH

**Coward and traitor they all called him. His own mother scorned him. But one woman had the faith to learn that his was the highest type of heroism.**

**L**ORD HAW-HAW of Zeesen was off the air. All over England a new voice was noticed: precise and rather lifeless, it was the voice of a typical English don.

In his first broadcast he referred to himself as a man young enough to sympathise with what he called "the resurgence of youth all over the new Germany," and that was the reason—combined with the pedantic tone—he was at once nicknamed Dr. Funkhole.

It is the tragedy of such men that they are never alone in the world.

Old Mrs. Bishop was knitting by the fire at her house in Crowborough when young Mrs. Bishop tuned in to Zeesen. The sock was khaki; it was as if she had picked up at the point where she had dropped a stitch in 1918. The grim comfortable house stood in one of the long avenues, all spruce and laurel and a coating of snow, which are used to nothing but the footsteps of old retired people.

Young Mrs. Bishop never forgot that moment: the wind beating up across Ashdown Forest against the blacked-out window, and her mother-in-law happily knitting, and the sense of everything waiting for this moment. Then the voice came into the room from Zeesen in the middle of a sentence, and old Mrs. Bishop said firmly, "That's David."

Young Mrs. Bishop made a hopeless protest—"It can't be," but she knew.

"I know my son if you don't know your husband."

It seemed incredible that the man speaking couldn't hear them, that he should just go on, reiterating for the hundredth time the old lies, as if there were nobody anywhere in the world who knew him—a wife or a mother.

Old Mrs. Bishop had stopped knitting. She said, "Is that the man they've been writing about—Doctor Funkhole?"

"It must be."

"It's David."

The voice was extraordinarily convincing: he was going into exact engineering details—David Bishop had been a mathematics don at Oxford. Mary Bishop twisted the wireless off and sat down beside her mother-in-law. "They'll want to know who it is," Mrs. Bishop said.

"We mustn't tell them," said Mary.

The old fingers had begun again on the khaki sock. She said, "It's our duty." Duty, it seemed to Mary Bishop, was a disease you caught with age: you ceased to feel the tug of personal ties; you gave yourself up to the great tides of patriotism and hate.

She said, "They must have made him do it. We don't know what threats."

"That's neither here nor there." She gave weakly in to hopeless wishes. "If only he'd got away in time. I never wanted him to give that lecture course."

"He always was stubborn," said old Mrs. Bishop.

"He said there wouldn't be a war."

"Give me the telephone."

"But you see what it means," said Mary Bishop. "He may be tried for treason if we win."

"When we win," old Mrs. Bishop said.

The nickname was not altered, even after the interviews with the two Mrs. Bishops, even after the sub-acid derogatory little article about David Bishop's previous career. It was suggested now that he had known all along that war was coming, that he had gone to Germany to evade military service, leaving his wife and his mother to be bombed.

Mary Bishop fought, almost in



Mary suffered an agony of suspense as the man stood for a moment lost in perplexed thought.

vain, with the reporters for some recognition that he might have been forced . . . by threats or even physical violence. The most one paper would admit was that if threats had been used David Bishop had taken a very unheroic way out. We praise heroes as though they are rare, and yet we are always ready to blame another man for lack of heroism. The name Dr. Funkhole stuck.

But the worst of it to Mary Bishop was old Mrs. Bishop's attitude. She turned a knife in the wound every evening at 9.15. The radio set must be tuned in to Zeesen, and there she sat listening to her son's voice and knitting socks for some unknown soldier.

To young Mrs. Bishop none of it made sense—least of all that flat, pedantic voice with its smooth, well-thought-out elaborate lies. She was afraid to go out now into Crowborough: the whispers in the post office, the old faces watching her



covertly in the library. Sometimes she thought almost with hatred: Why has David done this to me? Why?

Then suddenly she got her answer. The voice for once broke new ground. It said, "Somewhere back in England my wife may be listening to me. I am a stranger to the rest of you, but she knows that I am not in the habit of lying."

A personal appeal was too much. Mary Bishop had faced her mother-in-law and the reporters; she couldn't face her husband. She began to cry, sitting close beside the radio set like a child beside its doll's house when something has been broken in it which nobody can repair.

She heard the voice of her husband speaking as if he were at her elbow from a country which was now as distant and as inaccessible as another planet.

"The fact of the matter is . . ."

The words came slowly out as if he were emphasising a point in a lecture, and then he went on—to what would concern a wife. The low price of food, the quantity of meat in the shops: he went into great detail, giving figures, picking out odd, irrelevant things—like oranges and toy zebras—perhaps to give an effect of richness and variety.

Suddenly Mary Bishop sat up with a jerk as if she had been asleep. She said, "Good heavens, where's that pencil?" and upset one of the too many ornaments looking for one. Then she began to write, but in no time at all the voice was saying, "Thank you for having listened to me so attentively," and Zeesen had died out on the air. She said, "Too late."

"What's too late?" said old Mrs. Bishop sharply. "Why did you want a pencil?"

"Just an idea," Mary Bishop said.

She was led next day up and down the cold, unheated corridors of a War Office in which half the rooms were empty, evacuated. Oddly enough, her relationship to David Bishop was of use to her now, if only because it evoked some curiosity and a little pity. But she no longer wanted the pity, and at last she reached the right man.

He listened to her with great politeness. He was not in uniform: his rather good tweeds made him look as if he had just come up from the country for a day or two, to attend to the war. When she had finished he said, "It's rather a tall story, you know, Mrs. Bishop. Of course it's been a great shock to you—this—well—action of your husband's."

"I'm proud of it."

"Just because in the old days you had this—scheme, you really believe in it?"

"If he was away from me and he telephoned 'The fact of the matter is' it always meant, 'this is all lies, but take the initial letters which follow' . . . Oh, Colonel, if you only knew the number of unhappy week-ends I've saved him from—because, you see, he could always telephone to

Illustrated by JOHN SANTRY

me, even in front of his host." She said with tears in her voice, "Then I'd send him a telegram . . ."

"Yes. But still . . . you didn't get anything this time, did you?"

"I was too late. I hadn't a pencil. I only got this—I know it doesn't seem to make sense." She pushed the paper across. SOSPIC. "I know it might easily be coincidence—that it does seem to make a kind of word."

"An odd word."

"Mightn't it be a man's name?"

The officer in tweeds was looking at it, she suddenly realised, with real interest—as if it was a rare kind of pheasant. He said, "Excuse me a moment," and left her. She could hear him telephoning to somebody from another room: the little tunc of the bell, silence, and then a low voice she couldn't overhear.

Then he returned, and Mary suffered an agony of suspense as he stood for a moment, lost in perplexed thought.

He sat down and fiddled with a fountain-pen; he was obviously embarrassed. He started a sentence and stopped it. Then he brought out in an embarrassed gulp, "We'll all have to apologise to your husband."

So all was well! In the first surge of relief she was speechless. Then: "It meant something?" she faltered.

**H**E was obviously making his mind up about something difficult and out of the way: he was not in the habit of confiding in members of the public. But she had ceased to be a member of the public.

"My dear Mrs. Bishop," he said. "I've got to ask a great deal from you."

"Of course. Anything."

He seemed to reach a decision and stopped fiddling. "A neutral ship called the Pic was sunk this morning at 4 a.m., with a loss of two hundred lives. SOS Pic. If we'd had your husband's warning we could have got destroyers to her in time. I've been speaking to the Admiralty."

Mary Bishop said in a tone of fury, "The things they are writing about David. Is there one of them who'd have the courage . . .?"

"That's the worst part of it, Mrs. Bishop. They must go on writing. Nobody must know, except my department and yourself."

"His mother?"

"You mustn't even tell her."

"But can't you make them just leave him alone?"

"This afternoon I shall ask them to intensify their campaign—in order to discourage others. An article on the legal aspect of treason."

"And if I refuse to keep quiet?"

"Your husband's life won't be worth much, will it?"

"So he's just got to go on?"

"Yes. Just go on."

He went on for four weeks. Every night now she tuned in to Zeesen





"Stop your ears if you don't want to listen," cried Mary in a sudden fury.

with a new horror—that he would be off the air. The code was a child's code. How could they fail to detect it? But they did fail. Men with complicated minds can be deceived by simplicity. And every night, too, she had to listen to her mother-in-law's indictment; every episode which she thought discreditable out of a child's past was brought out—the tiniest incident.

Women in the last war had found a kind of pride in "giving" their sons; this, too, was a gift on the altar of a warped patriotism. But now young Mrs. Bishop didn't cry; she just held on—it was relief enough to hear his voice.

It wasn't often that he had information to give—the phrase "the fact of the matter is" was a rare one in his talks; sometimes there were the numbers of the regiments passing through Berlin, or of men on leave; very small details, which might be of value to military intelligence, but to her seemed hardly worth the risk of a life. If this was all he could do, why, why hadn't he allowed them simply to intern him?

At last she could bear it no longer. She visited the War Office again. The man in tweeds was still there, but this time for some reason he was wearing a black tail coat and a black stock as if he had been to a funeral; he must have been to a funeral, and she thought with more fear than ever of her husband.

"He's a brave man, Mrs. Bishop," he said.

"You needn't tell me that," she cried bitterly.

"We shall see that he gets the highest possible decoration . . ."

"Decorations!"

"What do you want, Mrs. Bishop? He's doing his duty."

"So are other men. But they come home on leave. Sometimes."

"He can't go on forever. Soon they are bound to find out."

"What can we do?"

"You can get him out of there. Hasn't he done enough for you?"

He said gently: "It's beyond our power. How can we communicate with him?"

"Surely you have agents."

"Two lives would be lost. Can't you imagine how they watch him?"

Yes. She could imagine all that clearly. She had spent too many holidays in Germany—as the Press had not failed to discover—not to know how men were watched, telephone lines tapped, table companions scrutinised.

He said, "If there was some way we could get a message to him, it might be managed. We do owe him that."

Young Mrs. Bishop said quickly before he could change his mind: "Well, the code works both ways. The fact of the matter is . . . We have news broadcast in German. He might one day listen-in."

"Yes. There's a chance."

She became privy to the plan

because again they needed her help. They wanted to attract his notice first by some phrase peculiar to her. That phrase was to be varied in every broadcast, and elaborately they worked out a series of messages which would convey to him the same instructions—to go to a certain station on the Cologne-Wesel line and contact there a railway worker who had already helped five men and two women to escape from Germany.

Mary Bishop felt she knew the place well—the small country station which probably served only a few dozen houses and a big hotel where people went in the old days for cures.

THE opportunity was offered him, if he could only take it, by an elaborate account of a railway accident at that point—so many people killed—sabotage—arrests. It was plugged in the news as relentlessly as the Germans repeated the news of false sinkings, and they answered indignantly back that there had been no accident.

It seemed more horrible than ever to Mary Bishop—those nightly broadcasts from Zeesen. The voice was in the room with her, and yet he couldn't know whether any message for which he risked his life reached home, and she couldn't know whether their messages to him just petered out unheard or unrecognised.

Once Mrs. Bishop said, "Well, we can do without David to-night, I should hope."

It was a new turn in her bitterness: now she would simply wipe him off the air. Mary Bishop protested. She said she must hear—then at least she would know that he was well.

## By GRAHAM GREENE

"It serves him right if he's not well."

"I'm going to listen," Mary Bishop persisted.

"Then I'll go out of the room. I'm tired of his lies."

"You're his mother, aren't you?"

"That's not my fault. I didn't choose—like you did. I tell you I won't listen to it."

Mary Bishop turned the knob.

"Stop your ears if you don't want to listen," she cried in a sudden fury, and heard David's voice coming over.

"The lies," he was saying, "put over by the British capitalist Press. A country governed by Jews cannot believe in national unity. There has not even been a railway accident—let alone any sabotage—at the place so persistently mentioned in the broadcasts from England."

"To-morrow I am leaving myself for the so-called scene of the accident, and I propose in my broadcast

the day after to-morrow to give you an impartial observer's report, with records of the very railwaymen who are said to have been shot for sabotage. To-morrow, therefore, I shall not be on the air . . ."

"Oh, thank God, thank God," Mary Bishop said.

The old woman grumbled by the fire. "You haven't much to thank Him for."

"You don't know how much."

All next day Mary found herself praying and hoping.

She visualised that station "on the Rhine not far from Wesel": and not far either from the Dutch frontier. There must be some method of getting across—with the help of that unknown worker—possibly in a refrigerating van—no idea was too fantastic to be true; others had succeeded before him.

All through the day she tried to keep pace with him—he would have to leave early, and she imagined his cup of ersatz coffee and the slow war-time train taking him south and west: she thought of his fear and of his excitement—he was coming home to her. Ah, when he landed safely, what a day that would be! The papers then would have to eat their words: no more Dr. Funkhole and no more of this place, side by side with his unloving mother.

At midday, she thought, he has arrived: he has his black discs with him to record the men's voices, he is probably watched, but he will find his chance—and now he is not alone. He has someone with him helping him. In one way or another he will miss his train home. The freight train will draw in—perhaps a signal will stop it outside the station.

She saw it all so vividly, as the early winter dark came down and she blacked the windows out, that she found herself thankful he possessed, as she knew, a white mackintosh. He would be less visible waiting there in the snow.

Her imagination took wings, and by dinner-time she felt sure that he was already on the way to the frontier. That night there was no broadcast from Dr. Funkhole, and she sang as she bathed and old Mrs. Bishop beat furiously on her bedroom floor above.

In bed she could almost feel herself vibrating with the heavy movement of his train. She saw the landscape going by outside—there must be a crack in any van in which he lay hid, so that he could mark the distances. It was very much the landscape of Crowborough—spruces powdered with snow, the wide dreary waste they called a forest, dark avenues—she fell asleep.

When she woke she was still happy. Perhaps before night she

would receive a cable from Holland, but if it didn't come she would not be anxious because so many things in war-time might delay it. It didn't come.

That night she made no attempt

to turn on the radio, so old Mrs. Bishop changed her tactics again. "Well," she said, "aren't you going to listen to your husband?"

Please turn to page 40

## Why risk frowns when you could have kisses?



Win—and hold—his love with lasting charm! Keep safe from underarm odour—each day use Mum!

"AND HE fell in love with her for life!" A story-book ending? Not at all! Lasting love comes in real life too . . . when you're lovely to be near always . . . when you're wise enough to let gentle Mum guard your charm each day! Frowns—or kisses . . . just which you get depends on you!

So don't take any chances—not even once. For where is the girl who can dare to risk underarm odour—and expect to get away with it?

CONVENIENT! SURE! MUM GUARDS POPULARITY.



Another Use for Mum Use Mum for Sanitary Napkins, as thousands of women do. Then you're always safe, free from worry.



MUM

TAKES ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



# VASE OF DREAMS

By...  
**EDITH ARUNDEL**

**A**s she ran a comb through her red hair Jennifer said: "The sight I see in the mirror, my lamb, is a joy to behold."

Erica Forest, wriggling into a spotless white overall with green buttons, quirked a derisive eyebrow at her.

"Not conceded by any chance, are you?"

"Not a bit. I was being quite divinely unaware of my own existence. Come over here and see what I can see."

Erica went. Heads together, they peered into the mirror through which they could see the open door of the kitchen and

**There were hundreds to choose from, but she had to fall in love with the one young man who belonged to another girl.**

beyond into the milk bar, with its white tables and long green curved counter. There, marching into the shop in twos and threes, came the Air Force.

"Ten, no, twelve of them," Erica's mouth dropped open a little. "Jen, look at them! We've never had more than four or five at the most in here before. And we thought we were broke!"

"Well, hurry up!" Jennifer said. "Candy's running round in circles. She'll want help with that mob."

Candy was the waitress, thin and quick, and always cheerful.

As they went into the milk bar, Erica caught the admiring glances of one or two of the young pilots, and smiled. Her fingers moved quickly among the equipment, the shaker and the syrup pump. She opened a fresh tin of biscuits. But beneath this show of efficiency she was asking herself why, no matter how many other men she met, she should still cherish a dream—a lovely and impossible one of a young pilot.

Jennifer had shaken her head in grim sympathy over this same thing. "This love business beats me. With hundreds of men you might have had, you go and fall in love with one who belongs to some other girl. That slim brunette won't let Peter Revlake go, so don't you let your dreams run away with you."

Erica told herself that, too, till her mind ran round in circles. She knew that to Peter she was just "that nice girl who runs a milk bar."

And then, as though her wish had materialised him, there he was, a long, lean shadow in the doorway. The door closed behind him with a clang and he crossed the room to the counter. Hoisting himself up on to one of the tall green stools, he saluted her.

"Hullo, beautiful, business seems good this morning!"

"Have the mushroom soup, Revlake. It's good." This came from a corner where two young pilots sat, warm and well fed, talking about nothing in particular.

Peter whipped out his cigarette case and handed it round.

"Thanks for the tip about the soup... I'll have some." While he waited, he lit a cigarette. "I'm going home for my twenty-four hours' leave. There's a train this afternoon." He blew out two perfect smoke rings. "Dad's letting Wanderers—"

Erica stopped dead with a milk jug in her hand.

"Oh, Peter, and you loved it so!"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I know, but this is war-time and it's no use him staying on there with just an old servant. It's lonely for him with me away, and he's not very well, so he's letting it to a couple of rather nice families who will look after it."

He whipped out some snaps from his wallet and handed them across the counter. That's Wanderers. Nice place, isn't it?"

"Lovely," said Erica. It was a long, low house with gables and a terraced garden.

"I'm going back to pack up some things that I don't want to leave behind for strangers. Not much, just a few bits and pieces I'm sentimental about." He gave a shy grin. "I hope nothing happens while I'm away."

They were all like that, afraid of missing some excitement while on leave.

Erica said, laughing, "I'll telephone Berlin to wait till you get back."

Peter had started the soup. He said, "It's good," and his strong fingers broke a roll into little crisp pieces.

Presently he glanced at his watch. "I'll have to get away. Give my love to Jennifer—oh, there she is—"

Jennifer said, "Don't scatter your love so generously. Leave it for the one girl; we as a sex don't like bits flung at random. By the way, where is she?"

"Who, Adrienne?"

"I never knew her name, but I suppose that's the girl."

**O**H, she's in London for a couple of days' shopping, buying things to delight my male eyes." He grinned.

"Well! well!" Jennifer's red head nodded in mocking approval. Then she turned pointedly to Erica. "In case you don't know it, there's a young man just come in who is looking longingly your way. Don't keep the Air Force waiting, darling. Go and see what he wants."

Erica knew, without looking, whom Jennifer meant. He had come in very quietly and there he was, sitting at a table all by himself, in a corner. He was Tim Fortescue, a young flight-lieutenant, with smooth fair hair and the blue eyes of a seafaring man.

"He's keen on you," Jennifer had once told her. "And he's nice. One of these days Peter Revlake will say 'Cheerio!' and walk out to be married. Then you'll be sorry you spent so many hours keeping your heart for him. He doesn't want it, my dear. He never will!"

Erica remembered that conversation now as she crossed the room to Tim. He was the sort of person you could always rely on.

"Hullo," she said. "Everyone's having soup this morning."

He shook his head. "Coffee for me, Blackish. How are you, Erica?"

"Grand!"

Behind her Peter called, "Bye, Erica. See you again soon."

And then he was gone. Queer how the light went out of the shop as the door closed behind him, queer and idiotic.

Tim was talking, asking her if she would take pity on him that evening. He said, "I've got six hours' leave and it isn't time enough to get home. I thought perhaps you'd like to go to a flick."

"Sorry, Tim, I'd have loved to. But it's Wednesday, and our Open House night. Come along round here, there'll be quite a crowd."

"Thanks a lot." His nice, shy smile broke out.

It had been Jennifer's idea that twice a week, on Wednesdays and Sundays, they opened their flat to anyone in the Services, or doing war work, who cared to come. Sometimes the girls were secretly a little alarmed at the numbers who arrived to spend the evening at their home above the milk bar. But it was a largish place, and even if it meant sitting on the stairs nobody minded.

Please turn to page 20



Illustrated by  
JOHN MILLS

Before Erica had time to explain to Jennifer, Peter burst in unceremoniously, laden with his treasures.



# The WAY BACK

Our  
absorbing  
serial ...



Illustrated  
by  
WYNNE  
W. DAVIES

## THE STORY SO FAR:

**S**TRANGE fate brings lovely NICOLE FROME and her former fiancé, COMMANDER BURTON HARWOOD, together again in the little English seaside town of Fleeting.

Burton broke their engagement, considering himself a useless wreck after being invalided out of the navy; but he later recovers his health and is sent to Fleeting in the service of the Naval Intelligence Department to investigate the doings of RACHEL and MAURICE CURTIS, suspected Fifth Columnists.

Nicole, meanwhile, seeking to console herself, accepts the invitation of SIR ALEXANDER ("SANDY") BRYANT to come and stay with his aunt and himself at his home at Fleeting. When chance thus brings about a meeting with Burton he rebuffs her, so she promptly accepts Sandy's offer of marriage, not realising that pretty young HELEN NAIRN, daughter of the local doctor, is genuinely in love with him.

Burton's movements in due course rouse the Curtis' suspicions, so, following the orders of the German, SCHELDT, Maurice stalks him, intending to kill him on the lonely cliffs. Nicole, however, forestalls the attempt, injuring her ankle in the effort, and Burton's concern makes him declare his love for her again. But when he learns of her engagement to Sandy, he insists on her keeping to it.

That night Nicole telephones Burton that there are strange lights flashing. He rushes to investigate, but is waylaid by Rachel and forced to abandon his investigations.

Now read on.

The day after her accident Nicole was dealing with her mail. There was a letter from Sandy, which she read first. There was a letter also from her father. And the heading was, oddly enough, The Grand Hotel, Torquay, not so very far away from Fleeting after all.

"My dearest Nicole,  
"My address will surprise you. I may say it rather surprises me. My pews may surprise you even more. I am married."

Heavens, thought Nicole, with a gasp of astonishment.

"I think I mentioned Flora in my last letter. It seems I was entirely under a misapprehension when I believed that she had a husband. He died three years ago, and somehow or other she seems to have grown to depend on me. This will make no difference to our relationship, my dear, and she is, of course, longing to meet you. In fact, I am thinking of bringing her over to see you. "Needless to say I am the happiest of men, as the saying is."

He's not, thought Nicole, and it will make all the difference to us, and she isn't longing to meet me a bit. Poor old daddy. To think of him married to a girl called Flora was funny and pathetic. She did hope he wouldn't find it too irksome. She put down her parent's letter, and turned again to Sandy's.

It wasn't very articulate, and there were at least three spelling mistakes in it, and there was so much the censor would not permit him to say that his style was distinctly

Helen stopped short at sight of Nicole and Burton. "Oh—how can you?" she gasped.

cramped, but it was so characteristic of him and so full of love for her that she almost felt as if he were here in the room beside her. She had it in her hands when Helen Nairn entered. She saw the writing.

"You've heard from Sir Alexander?" she said.

"Yes," said Nicole.

"He's well?"

"In the pink," quoted Nicole, laughing a little. "Sweet of you to come and see me, Helen!"

"I'm terribly sorry you've had this accident," said Helen. "I thought you'd be in bed."

"A sofa's nicer."

"You're looking awfully pretty. That dressing-gown thing is lovely! It's jolly well worth while being pretty, isn't it?"

"I've always found it so," said Nicole. "But you are, you know."

"Nice wholesome type of English girl—full of character!" jeered Helen. "Daddy says you won't be able to go back to London for ages."

"No. I've sent two certificates to my commandant. She'll fill my place without any difficulty. There were dozens of people after it every day. And I'm not so sorry. As a matter of fact my father has just married again."

"Do you mind?"

"No, it lets me out rather, but it gives me rather an empty feeling. I used to keep house for him, you see, but it's better that somebody else should do it, since I'll be here all the time when I'm married. Find me something to do, Helen."

"That will be easy. Especially now that Miss Letty's gone, I'll talk to Mrs. Vaughan-Roberts. She's the big noise hereabouts. It's lovely for me, your being here, of course. I suppose you realise I like you frightfully?"

"Schoolgirl enthusiasms not encouraged," commented Nicole dryly, but her eyes were kind, nevertheless.

"We'll have to find a young man for you. What about that nice lad at the vicarage?"

"Tom? Oh, I've known him all my life," said Helen. "I want something more exciting than that. Is Sandy happy?" she said abruptly.

"Homesick a bit, I think," said Nicole. She turned over the pages of his letter. "He wants to know about everything at Fleeting, about people I'd never heard of. He sends his love to you, by the way."

A soft glimmer illumined Helen's face, but Nicole was not looking at her. She was still consulting the letter. The other girl answered primly:

"Send mine to him, won't you?" "You'd better send it yourself."

said Nicole, still casual. "Look here Helen, that's an idea. He'd love to hear from you. And you know so much more about the village than I do. Details of that sort matter frightfully to men always, you know."

"He'd be bored."

"He certainly wouldn't! Tell him about the vicar's fight with the churchwardens; tell him about Scrap; tell him about the local Auxiliary Fire Service activities!"

"They had a free fight the time they had to put out the fire in Farmer Clayton's haystack," said Helen. Her lips curved with laughter. "And the fire just went on. You see, the man who holds the head of the hose directs proceedings and they all wanted to hold it!"

"You'll find lots to write to him about," repeated Nicole, "and he'd love to hear it."

She still had no idea why Helen had decided that it was worth while being pretty. She only thought how nice it would be for Sandy to hear village news.

"Oh, yes, I can find lots to write about," agreed Helen.

The thought of putting his name on an envelope filled her with ecstasy. How should she begin? Dear Sandy? My dear Sandy?

She had his address in her handbag as she went down the drive. She was already planning out things to say to him. Surely there was no harm in it? Nobody need ever know how much she loved him. It was just a secret that one kept to oneself for ever and ever.

"Hallo!"

In her absentmindedness—in composing what she meant to write in that letter—she had almost bumped into somebody. That disagreeable man, Commander Harwood, was looking down at her.

"Not prefecting?" he inquired.

"I'm off duty for the present," she answered.

Please turn to page 12



# SHINES IN SOLOS

BUT  
SHORT OF  
PARTNERS



MY, YOU'RE GOOD, KAY! I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO TAP LIKE THAT!

THANKS, SUE. BUT DANCING ALONE ALL THE TIME REALLY ISN'T MUCH FUN!

NO-O-O, BUT KAY, YOU'D NEVER EVEN GET A CHANCE TO DANCE ALONE IF—WELL—IF YOU'D JUST SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!

MY BREATH!

TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...

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**LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM!**

I WISH I WERE AS POPULAR AS KAY IS THESE DAYS! SHE HAS MORE DATES THAN ANY GIRL I KNOW!



**NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE**



**COLGATE**  
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

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MEDIUM SIZE  
LARGE 1 1/3" SIZE  
GIANT 2 1/2" SIZE  
twice as much  
as 1/3 size

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## The Australian Women's Weekly sends ... Special woman Correspondent to A.I.F. in Malaya

She will get first-hand news of how our boys are faring in the tropics

**I**N this article, Adele Shelton Smith tells how she felt when given the most thrilling job of her life and of the plans she has made. Watch for her story from Malaya next week.

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH

I have been given the most thrilling assignment of all my years in newspaper work—probably the most thrilling assignment ever handed a newspaper woman, and certainly the most important ever given an Australian newspaper woman.

I have been sent to Singapore and Malaya as special correspondent for The Australian Women's Weekly.

My paper has given me the proud task of reporting direct to its thousands of women readers just how their menfolk are faring in the camps and barracks of the tropical outposts surrounding England's great naval base.

**E**VER since the war began I have seen a great deal of military training, but, of course, I am no military expert.

I am going to see the A.I.F. carrying on its training in new and strange surroundings, but I shall not be sending military reports.

I am going to find out for women the things they want to know most—what the camps are like, what dwellings their husbands and sons are living in, what they eat, what is being done for their recreation, how they spend their leave, what they want you to send them in your parcels, what presents they are choosing to send home to you.

I saw the first recruits to enter camp at the beginning of the war—a motley group of self-conscious, untrained young men.

I saw them a few months later in our first A.I.F. march—magnificent, well-trained, hefty young soldiers.

And I shared with the thousands of other women who lined the route their admiration and anguish at the sight of our first soldiers going overseas.

I was on the wharf when the first contingent sailed away, and was one of the few women who went aboard the luxury liner that carried the second contingent.

Recently I plodded over what seemed hundreds of miles on tactical manoeuvres with a battalion of universal trainees.

Since The Australian Women's Weekly introduced its "Letters From Our Boys" feature I have read many thousands of letters from men serving overseas, and have met a number of their wives, mothers, sisters, and sweethearts who have brought these letters in.

So, even though I do not know a Lewis from a Bren gun and have to think twice how many pips a cap-

tain wears, I feel I do know quite a bit about the A.I.F.

Packing my regulation 44lb. of luggage for the plane trip, I had a dizzy sense of unreality.

I was going to see the things one has read about since childhood—our own military stronghold, Darwin; the exotic Dutch Indies, and the beautiful women of Bali; Raffles Hotel, and the languid ladies of Somerset Maugham's novels who maybe are no longer so languid now that they must learn A.R.P. work and first aid; and if I am very lucky the jungle, a few rajahs, and even a tiger or two.

### Color of the East

**A**ND, above all, my own countrymen—the familiar khaki and slouch hat against a background of colorful native costumes; and boisterous Australian laughter and slang shattering the drowsy, tropical air.

Last time I experienced this dizzy unreality was on a misty spring morning in London when I walked through the packed streets to Westminster Abbey to see a shy young man and his wife crowned King and Queen of England.

I remember vividly the storybook brightness of the silks and jewels worn by the native rulers, whose domains I am now to travel through; and the spare-built, lean-faced Colonial Office officials from England's tropical outposts.

I remember, too, how happy Princess Juliana, of the Netherlands, looked, only a few years before she was to be exiled by war from her country and her peaceful eastern colonies preparing to resist aggression.

I remember how the whole world sent its representatives in friendliness to greet England's new King.

War has shattered much of that friendliness. But I am visiting countries where it still exists, exists so stoutly that they stand in arms with us.



ADELE SHELTON SMITH, our special correspondent, and Wilfred (Bill) Brindle, staff photographer, leaving by plane for Singapore.

So all Australian women will be able to learn first-hand news of their husbands and sons who have gone away to preserve the common ideals of which that friendliness is the outward sign.

It's a great newspaper job and I'm a very proud woman.

With me on this assignment will be ace cameraman Wilfred (Bill) Brindle. He knows the fighting forces, and has photographed them in camps and aerodromes and on troopships since the outbreak of war.

The pictorial record he will make of this trip will be history—Australian history.

As a man he doesn't say much, but he's as thrilled as I am about the job of work ahead of us in Malaya.



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THEY FIT...AND  
THE PATTERNS  
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SPOTWELDED  
COLLARS



"I AM GOING to see the familiar khaki and slouch hat against a new, colorful background."

—Dept. of Information photo.



# I MET ROOSEVELT'S SMILING BOYS IN BLUE...

They were seven boatloads of good guys

By DOROTHY DRAIN

Who met the American Fleet outside the Heads in a launch.

Well, I've met the American fleet, and they sure are a swell crowd. (Pardon me, it's catching.)

In common with the rest of Australia, I listened to President Roosevelt's dramatic message.

If anything were needed to supplement that world-stirring appeal of his to "every man and woman who loves freedom," it was the sight of the United States squadron looming through the rain-swept Heads of Sydney Harbor.

AND if anything were needed to reassure us that the American nation is behind their leader, it was expressed by a smiling Grog going on leave.

"President Roosevelt?" he said. "He's a great guy."

One way and another, I've seen a good many welcomes of this kind to visitors. Privilege of the Press has given me a box seat at some of them.

But never have I seen one that caused greater and happier acclaim.

To talk to officers and men of the fleet was to know how well that acclaim was founded. For here are representatives of a free people, like ourselves, who know the value of liberty.

Like ourselves, though, these young American men don't bandy such fine words as liberty and democracy about in their conversation. They take those things for granted.

"You see," said a young officer when we brought up the subject of politics and the war, "we don't belong to any party. We belong to the U.S. Navy."

In the very comfortable ward-room of U.S.S. Chicago we talked to young ensigns and lieutenants (pronounced en'n and lootenant, girls) about themselves.

"You may ask the officers anything," said Lieutenant-Commander Guthrie.

"No officer will give you any information you should not have."

This, as I find great difficulty in distinguishing a destroyer from a battleship, suited me fine.

We drank steaming cups of American coffee—the Americans can certainly make coffee—and smoked American cigarettes.

There is no hard liquor on



OFF TO SEE THE SIGHTS. Radio-men Freddy Dyer, of Seattle, Washington, and Gilbert Olson, of Maine, were among the first ashore.

American warships; hasn't been any for 70 years or more, and the boys say they don't miss it.

"Mind you," Lieutenant Mecklenburg told me, "there's some for medical purposes. Suppose you go over the side, the ship's doctor will give you a shot to bring you round. But we figure it's not worth it."

Lieutenant Mecklenburg's father is a retired naval officer. "My father came out here with the fleet in 1925," he said. "I was only a kid at the time, but he told me it was a fine place, and I always wanted to come here."

Dark-eyed young Mr. Mecklenburg was, like most of the officers, trained at Annapolis.

"You know West Point," they explained, "you've seen films about it. Well, Annapolis is the naval academy to correspond."

With that frankness that is one of the chief charms of the American they answered personal questions directly—names, home towns, married or single.

Ensign Thomson told me about the C.B.M.P.A.

It's the Chicago Bachelors' Mutual Protective Association.

"What we lack in numbers we make up in organization," he said.

"Every officer of the U.S. navy must remain single for two years. After that a lot of them fall by the wayside. So we bachelors protect them."

The captain of the Marines, Captain Hayward, and Ensign Jarman are three prominent members of the C.B.M.P.A., and will probably be most annoyed at this publicity.

"Lack of publicity is essential to our success," said one with a smile.

However, their organization doesn't tally with what another young ensign told me.

## Knows the Duchess

"ANY romances at ports on the trip out?" I asked him.

"No," he answered, "so I guess we're just about ready for it."

Every State in the Union is represented among the personnel of the squadron.

From Baltimore comes Ensign Brown, whose wife knows the Duchess of Windsor.

"My wife's mother says she used to nurse the Duchess on her knee," he said, as he showed me a picture of his pretty, blonde wife and ten-year-old son.

"I don't figure that makes me know the Duchess personally, but I do know some of her relatives in the old home town."

Incidentally, Ensign Brown related a quaint old Annapolis custom connected with Baltimore.

Whenever Annapolis men travel through Baltimore they pull down the train carriage-shades.

Reason is that many years ago a certain amount of ill-feeling grew up concerning a football match between Baltimore and Annapolis men.

Whenever Annapolis lost, they were booed on their way to the station.

"So we still pull the shades down as we pass through Baltimore. It used to show our disapproval. Now we do it for luck."

## Like Frisco

THE wet-weather entry into Sydney Harbor reminded Ensign Anthony Kolona of the entry into San Francisco in his native California.

"I've so often seen San Francisco veiled in mist in the early morning as Sydney was to-day," he said. "Then the red roofs of the houses among the waterside gardens carried the resemblance further."

"They tell me California is more like Australia than any of our other States."

Requests for a tour of the ship were not met with approval by senior officers, but I learned enough to know that America's reputation for all mod. cons. is borne out in their naval accommodation.

No hammocks—instead, every man has a comfortable bunk and his own locker.

Galleys are the last word in modern equipment, and there's even a soda-fountain.

Ice-cream is a regular feature of the menu. The Chicago, as the flagship, supplies certain provisions daily to the other ships of the squadron.

"Whenever the requests for supplies are signalled to us," an officer told me, "they always end up, 'AND the ice-cream.'"

It is difficult to embarrass these American lads, but my request for the identity of the Chicago's glamor boy was not successful.

I asked a young ensign. He looked puzzled and said they hadn't really thought about it.

Maybe it was that particular young ensign. It could have been, so I won't tell you his name. But he is about 24, dark-eyed, and EXTREMELY good looking.

See pictures pages 38-39



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# PRIME MINISTER Menzies nurses Winston II.

## Tells of happy home life of the Churchills

Exclusive London interview from  
MARY ST. CLAIRE, by cable

"I have nursed Winston II, Randolph's son, on my knee frequently," Mr. Menzies told me in an exclusive interview. "He is the living image of his grandfather, more like him than any other member of the family."

Mr. Menzies has spent every week-end in England as a member of the Churchill family circle. One of the outstanding points of his tour is the frequency with which he is the guest of Mr. Churchill, both at Downing Street and in the country.

"It is difficult," Mr. Menzies went on, "to understand Mr. Churchill fully until you see him against the background of his family, and it has been a great privilege for me to be able to see the Prime Minister in this intimate setting."

"The Churchills are a family of great differences and extraordinary attachments."

"I have met them all. They are all vivacious, most interested in one another, most interested in the wide field of politics and the arts."

"Consequently, Mr. Churchill finds it a great relief from his strenuous life as leader of the Empire during the most difficult period of its history to enjoy occasionally the relaxation of family life."

"I found Mary Churchill, who is most attached to her father, to be in herself natural, unaffected, charming, and completely unspoiled. That seems to be a great tribute both to the parents and to the youngest child of such a brilliant family."

"She is a delightful girl, without any silly vanities such as one is inclined to expect from a young girl. I was very much amused at her youthful enthusiasm when recounting the Queen Charlotte ball, where she was a maid of honor."

"The other Churchill daughters, Mrs. Vic Oliver and Mrs. Duncan Sandys, are both brilliant conversationalists, very amusing, and both seem to understand thoroughly each other's humor."

"On my first visit to the family I went for a walk in the snow with Mrs. Churchill and the three daughters. They all wore snow-boots and I enjoyed every minute of the walk."

"It is an ideal household for a visitor. You can do what you like. The Prime Minister does an enormous amount of work in the week-ends, but it doesn't make the household go about on tiptoe."

"I have never been in a home where there is such an easy blending of personalities."

"Quite obviously the family adore father, but he does not dominate the household, and doesn't impose the burden of his work on family life."

"The midday meal on Sunday is the great meal of the week. The lunch table is invariably crowded, for the whole family visit the parents at the week-ends."

### Jocular criticism

"A GOOD instance of how public affairs are conducted in the middle of family life occurred when Mrs. Churchill broadcast for the Y.W.C.A."

"The family listened-in and there was plenty of jocular criticism when she returned, though I thought there was very little to criticize! She has a charming voice and an excellent microphone personality."

"She is a very beautiful woman with great personal charm."

"One thing struck me forcibly: The Churchill family believe intensely in one another, and I think with very good reason."

"It is really extraordinary how a family with such distinct personalities and abilities do not clash with one another. I have filmed every one of them except Baby Winston, for I had to do it outdoors and it was then too cold for him."

Mr. Menzies said it was very difficult to talk about his hosts, but—"I think the people of Australia like to know something of the back-



CHARTWELL, country home of the Winston Churchills, where Mr. Menzies learned to know the whole family circle.



WINSTON I... "likes martial music."



MRS. CHURCHILL... "personal charm."



DAUGHTER MARY... "natural, unaffected."



WINSTON II... "living image of Winston I."

MR. MENZIES, who talks about the family life of the Churchills.

ground of this great personality who is guiding the destinies of the whole Empire."

"Mr. Churchill likes military music and several times he came in and immediately put a record on the gramophone," said Mr. Menzies. "It was invariably some march."

Mr. Menzies told me he was particularly interested to see the enormous number of women in England in uniform.

"I must say that at long last someone has designed uniforms with a decent cut," he said. "I would say that nobody in the world could wear uniform like Englishwomen, for they traditionally wear tweeds, and it is an easy transition."

"I think uniform has an enormously smartening effect on women, for I've never seen them looking to such advantage."

"They wear uniform well, they walk better, and it must be excellent for the country's morale to have them looking so vital without sacrificing their femininity."

"I like the W.A.A.F.'s uniform, for the blue seems to offset their fresh complexions."

"I have seen a lot of women working at R.A.F. stations and all Air Force men speak exceedingly well of their work. They are doing a lot of precision work, which requires great delicacy of touch, and they do it excellently."

"I have seen women in the Services working at the controls of signal stations; I have seen them at telephones and fire-stations; I have seen them driving big ambulances."

"Everywhere I was impressed by their extraordinary adeptness and lack of fuss. I may say truly that the women of England are playing a marvellous part, and from what I have seen and heard women in homes are doing an equally great work."

"There is no doubt that while there is no real shortage of food, its variety has been restricted, and it has tended to become monotonous in hotels. But in private homes I have found great ingenuity exercised in the kitchens."

"Actually, rationing does not affect me personally. I get only two minute lumps of sugar for my cup of tea, but as I habitually take only one, I am under no hardship."

Mr. Menzies has visited much of bombed London.

"It's really heart-breaking to see

the damage to beautiful buildings," he said. "The Temple and the Middle Temple, half of the Wren buildings, King's Bench Walk and Gray's Inn—though I can't see that this furthers the Nazis' aims any."

I have filmed them all, and I hope to be able to show to my colleagues a picture of the world as I have seen it.

"I was privileged to film the King and Queen and Princesses. They

really went to a lot of trouble to allow me to get good shots. They are all keen photographers themselves and gave me some good tips about light in the English countryside."

## DIGESTION - TIRED - Can't eat



### MIXED AND MADE IN HALF A MINUTE

Benger's Food only takes as long to make as half a pint of milk takes to boil.

For invalids and infant feeding follow the directions contained in the booklet enclosed with each tin.

## How to get better on Benger's Food

No desire for food, even the daintiest meal fails to arouse appetite. Pain and indigestion whenever she eats; badly in need of nourishment, digestion in need of rest. What can she do? There is one Food she can at once enjoy and assimilate—it is Benger's. From the first cup of Benger's her digestion will be rested and she will be abundantly nourished. If you suffer from indigestion and have no appetite for the evening meal—take a cup of Benger's Food instead.

## BENGER'S

The self-digestive Food

Made in England.

**FREE—THESE THREE VALUABLE BOOKS**

"The Trick About Badly Digesting Food"

"How to Get Better on Benger's"

"The Mother and the Child"

—a comprehensive, well-illustrated 75-page booklet with a special section for the Mother-to-be. Please tick the box that interests you and send this advertisement to Benger's Food Ltd. (Incorporated in England), 280 George St., Sydney, for your free copy.

Now sold in three sizes. Try Benger's at little cost in the new small size.





## ADVICE TO MOTHERS

MOTHERS—If your children are constipated give them relief this simple, pleasant way! To-night give them NYAL FIGSEN, the gentle, natural laxative. No need to coax or scold... Figsen is easy and pleasant to take. It won't upset little tummies. In the morning Figsen acts... gently, thoroughly and effectively. No gripping pain, no nausea, just an easy, comfortable action. NYAL FIGSEN is just as good for adults as it is for youngsters. Sold by chemists everywhere.

The next best thing to Nature...  
**Nyal Figsen**  
FOR CONSTIPATION

## LOSE Uncontrollable FAT

Goes FAST With

Reynner Treatment  
A leading Masquarie Street Specialist says:  
"I have examined the formulae of Reynner's capsules and am convinced it is a very safe and efficacious remedy. I have recommended it to many people, and the capsules have done all that was desired for them." Dozens of letters from satisfied patients have been received. Guaranteed to Reduce 4 1/2 lbs. per box. 10 Days' Trial for 3/-.  
**Reynner Science Laboratories, Pty. Ltd.**  
Dept. WKS, 5th Floor, Blake Shopping Block, Market Street, Sydney. Tel. M2121.



SHE LOSES WEIGHT

Reynner Science Laboratories, Pty. Ltd.

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## SHE tried to pass.

He stopped her. "I was frightfully rude to you last time we met. I'm sorry," he said. "You certainly were rude," agreed Helen candidly. "But," she added disarmingly, "it probably did me good. I was too schoolmarmish, wasn't I?"

"You're far too nice to be like that," said Burton. "Perhaps you needed a warning. Not my place to give it, anyway, but if you'll let bygones be bygones—" "I'm willing," said Helen. Impulsively she held out her hand. He took it.

He's nice, after all, she thought with surprise, as she went down to the village. Far too nice for Mrs. Curtis!

She planned the letter: "I wonder if you're sitting on the top of a mountain looking at the midnight sun..."

Burton went on. He was the last person Nicole expected to see. He came into the room as if they were just friendly acquaintances. And that was just what they must be to each other from now on, she thought.

"Feeling better?" he asked. "Much. I can already hobble about the house. To-morrow I'll try the garden."

"Feel well enough for a dinner party?"

"What on earth do you mean?" "Could you ask the Curtis and myself one evening, preferably some time this week?"

"But I hardly know them."

"That's rather unfortunate. Couldn't you say that you wanted to thank Mr. Curtis for coming to your aid when you had your unfortunate accident, and that anyway you feel, since you're close neighbors, it would be nice for you to get acquainted, and that, now Miss Letty's gone, you're very lonely and in the mood for some amusement? And will you please mention quite definitely that I have promised to come, and then will you forgive me if I don't turn up?"

"Burton, aren't you going to tell

me what this is about?" asked Nicole. "The doctor's talked to me of Fifth Columnists."

"He talks too much," said Burton. "He suspects an insurance agent who is having an affair with a bar-maid."

"Let him go on thinking so!"

"It's the Curtis, isn't it?" said Nicole quietly.

Burton nodded.

"That's why you're here? Why you're living alone in that cottage?"

"I have the honor to be employed by Naval Intelligence," said Burton.

There was no flamboyancy about his words. He was stating a fact, quite simply and sincerely.

"The other night," he continued, "I went down to investigate the lights on the beach. Mrs. Curtis explained them quite glibly by saying that her brother had suddenly been taken ill, and that she was coming to ask me to telephone for a doctor. I did not believe this for a minute, but I couldn't do anything about it at the time. I have been allowed to ask for your help now, Nicole. We could search Seaways with a warrant, but that would be to proclaim that the Curtis are suspects, and then they would not proceed with their present activities. If they think I shall be here with them, there's a chance they will dare to leave their house unattended for an hour or two."

"Be very persistent, Nicole! Make it impossible for them to refuse without downright rudeness!"

"I'll be watching to see them leave the house, and then when the coast is clear I'll get in. I may have to break in. But I hope I find enough to incriminate them at once, I'm rather anxious to finish this affair."

He was thinking of the dinner party for two ahead of him, on the night that Maurice was due in London, but he did not say so.

"Wait a minute!" said Nicole. "I'll ring up the Curtis' now. Find their number for me."

Burton did so. She picked up the receiver. He listened to her side of the ensuing conversation.

"Is that Mrs. Curtis? Nicole Promise speaking. I was so sorry to hear that your brother was taken ill! I do hope he is better."

"Much better, thank you," said Rachel. "These attacks of his are very alarming, but they soon pass over."

"I'm so glad," said Nicole. She was a gushing little talkative thing, not in the least like her usual self. "You see, I wanted to thank him. He and Commander Harwood were both so perfectly sweet to me after my accident."

"It is a good thing it was no worse," commented Rachel dryly. She was wary, uncertain as to where this might lead.

"It's quite bad enough," pouted Nicole. "I seem to be tied to the house for an indefinite period. My fiancé is abroad, as you know, and I'm ever so worried about him. I'm very lonely, too, since Miss Bryant has gone away. I do feel we ought to know each other better, Mrs. Curtis. After all, we live so close to each other, don't we, and now that I'm going to live here always I do so want to make friends. I planned a little party just to cheer up my invalidism, and in order to meet the neighborhood. Dinner one night this week! Commander Harwood has promised to come, and Dr. Nairn and his daughter—"

"I'm afraid my brother and I rarely got out," interposed Rachel. "Thank you very much, all the same."

"But why not? Surely in wartime it's so nice to stick together," said Nicole. "Do please come. Besides, I want to thank your brother in person."

There was a second's pause at the other end of the line. Rachel was reflecting rapidly. These long evenings of inactive waiting with Maurice were becoming intolerable. Besides, as time went by, his jitters were increasing. Something had happened on the day of Nicole's accident—she did not quite know what, but he had come back to the house shivering and had drunk two pints of almost neat whisky. He'd better be given some relaxation. If Burton were to be present at the party this fool gabbling girl was giving, it should be safe to leave Seaways for an hour or two. Besides she wanted to see him again. Time was getting short. If any-

## The Way Back

Continued from page 7

body enjoyed playing with fire, she did. And she still had ample confidence in her ability to keep her fingers from being burned.

Her voice was just as ally as Nicole's when she answered.

"Why, that's perfectly charming of you, Miss Promise. By the way, I ought to wish you every kind of happiness. I hear Sir Alexander is a perfectly delightful person."

"I'd be the happiest girl in the world if it weren't for this dreadful war," said Nicole. "Still, I don't think they can possibly hold out for another winter, do you? You will come then, won't you? Would Tuesday night suit you?"

"Tuesday night it is," she told Burton a minute later, as she hung up the receiver. "Quarter to eight for eight o'clock. I must remember to invite the Nairns. Nobody can be quite so innocent as that woman sounds!"

"She's not," said Burton. "That's the first thing that made me suspect her. She pretends too strenuously to be kittenish. Thank you, Nicole, very much. You managed it beautifully. I'll be getting on now."

"After the dinner party you'll let me know what happens?"

"Yes, I'll let you know what happens."

"I wish you were going to be there."

"I'm sure it will go off beautifully without me."

HE moved towards the door. From her sofa she called after him.

"Burton!"

"Yes?"

"You'll—you'll take care of yourself, won't you? You won't run into danger any more than you need?"

"If you're thinking of Curtis, he won't try again. He knows you would suspect."

"I wouldn't trust him. You'll look behind you sometimes when you walk along the cliff?"

"I'm not specially anxious to be killed," said Burton. "Good-bye, Nicole—dear."

He had approached her sofa again. He had sworn to himself that he would not touch her in any way before he went, but now, impulsively, she caught his hand and laid it against her cheek. He stood looking down on her, and their secret was patent to anybody who might be there to see.

Helen Nairn was there. She had come back in search of the household's butter coupons, which eventually she was to discover in the pocket of her jacket. She had run into the house without knocking. Her father, while assuring his patients that margarine had excellent nutritive value, had an obstinate and entirely unreasonable dislike for it. She stood in the doorway. She saw Burton and Nicole together and knew quite certainly that they loved each other.

"Oh—how can you?" she gasped.

Burton and Nicole turned sharply. Helen's eyes were blazing. Every line of her slim young body told of amazement, anger, resentment. In dismay Nicole put out her hand.

"My dear, you don't understand."

"Oh, don't! You're engaged to Sandy, and you're letting somebody else make love to you!"

"My dear young prefect!" expostulated Burton. "You really mustn't say things like that. I had no intention at all of making love to Miss Promise."

"I don't believe you! And call me prefect as much as you like! I don't care! It's a cheap sneer anyway. You two are in love with each other."

"We were, once," said Nicole. "We broke off our engagement by mutual consent. I promised Sandy to marry him after I had met Commander Harwood again. And I can assure you he knows all about this, a great deal more than you do. It really isn't your business at all, Helen."

The girl's face changed.

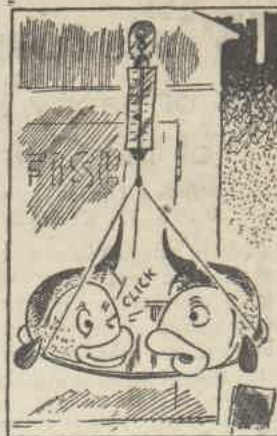
"No—that's the worst of it!" she said.

The door closed abruptly behind her.

"Now what on earth does she mean by that?" demanded Burton.

"I can't think," said Nicole wearily. "Oh, I wish this hadn't happened!"

## Animal Antics



"Now, don't get fresh!"

"So do I, but I don't see why she was so hurt."

"She's by way of being terribly fond of me, and I suppose it's always awful finding the foot of clay," said Nicole. "She had no idea that there could be any other reason for Helen's emotion. 'Oh, Burton, why do we have to muddle up both of our lives—and everybody else's too, as far as I can make out? You'd better go now, I suppose.'"

"I suppose I had," said Burton. "Well, I hope the dinner party goes off well."

"I hope the Seaways cellar is full of bombs!" said Nicole, forcing a smile.

Please turn to page 14

## Frightful BURNS healed

Arm in hot oven—Rexona Ointment brings quick relief.

Dear Sirs:

Just a little over a week ago, I had what could have been a very serious accident. I had opened the oven door to take out a cake, when I tripped and fell. My right arm shot right into the hot oven, burned it a little near the shoulder; the thumb rubbed along the oven shelf and took the skin right off. I went quickly and wrapped it up with Rexona; did so for four days and nights, then left the wrap-pings off during the daytime, merely wrapping it up at night, and now so-day it is almost healed. I cannot speak too highly of Rexona, it is marvelous.

(Red.) Mrs. Mary Crawford, Humula, via Wages, N.S.W.

Ever so gently but ever so surely, the healing medications in Rexona Ointment soothe away pain and bind the broken skin of even the severest burns. Never let an accident find you without Rexona.

1/7 PER TIN

Also extra large tins, three times the quantity, for 3/2.



BUY REXONA AT YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE NOW!

O.A.S.

## SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS—SIMPLE HOME TREATMENT

Unightly Hairs can be permanently banished simply, painlessly, and without harming the skin by the use of

"VANIX"

This preparation from the formula of Paul Van Schuyler, dermatologist and completely destroys the hair tissue.

"VANIX" price 5/6 a bottle (posted 5/11), is obtainable from Braham Pty. Ltd., 310 George St., Sydney, and all 12 branches; Swift's Pharmacy, 212 L.L. Collins St., Melb.; The Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; C. A. Edwards, 230 Edward St., Brisbane; and Burt's Chemists Ltd., 35 Rundle St., Adelaide.

A programme for TODAY  
On the lighter side... AND inspirational  
... musical ... topical ... instructive

"Pro Bono Publico"

IT'S RADIO'S SURPRISE FEATURE FOR 1941

2GB

SATURDAYS, 8 P.M.



It beats the band!

JACK DAVEY & AL THOMAS

In the LAUGH SHOW OF THE YEAR!

Sundays—7.30 p.m.

2GB



Produced by J. J. MURPHY



# On the Social Record

## by Miss Midnight

Say, folks . . .

WAAL, folks. I guess the most important noos this week is the visit of those swell buddies, the Gobs. Say, do excuse my American drawl. It's infectious.

What I mean to say is, we girls certainly do enjoy visit of so many good-looking Yankees. Such a thrill . . . from moment they enter the Heads and begin waving from port-holes, quarterdecks, and crows' nests.

So many parties, I'm thinking of hibernating for the winter. Lord Mayor Crick and Mrs. Crick entertain informally at Town Hall . . . Mr. John Minter's cheery Legation "do" at Australla . . . cocktails at Victoria Barracks . . . the Albert M. Doyles' consular party . . . Commodore and Mrs. Muirhead Gould's luncheon and reception for officers.

Drop in at Victoria Barracks and find lots of pretty girls invited to meet visitors . . . Pat Locke, Joan Baldock, Judy Inglis, Betty Alder, Cynthia Powell, and Mrs. David Wells.

Ask a blue-eyed Martine what he thinks of Sydney. He drawls "Haven't had a chance to see much, I've been so busy signing autographs. But say, you certainly are friendly."

Pretty guests . . .

SUCH a collection of our youngest and prettiest invited to wedding of Mollie Cox and Bombardier Jim Fitzhardinge at St. Mark's . . . Heather Macleod, Annette Stogdale, Kath Noss, Bunty Fell, Carma Nathan, Mary Clifton are just a few.

Mollie chooses lovely chalk-white bridal gown, subtly draped, and finger-tip tulle veil. Only glitter is diamond brooch given to her by her mother when she was 21.

So effective . . . the white floral moire frock, printed in blue and fuchsia, designed for bridesmaid Jean Walker.

"Mrs. Giltown's" . . .

HAIL taxi to take me to Mrs. Oliver Triggs' Darling Point home, which she lends for party in aid of Deaf, Dumb, and Blind. Give address: "Three Sutherland Crescent."

"Oh, that's Mrs. Giltown's place. Good nay, that," says chatty driver.

Bit puzzled until I remember Mrs. Triggs is well-known racehorse owner—Giltown being one.

Super place for outdoor party. Clear, green-tiled swimming pool with special built-up beach adjoins tennis court. Cool off in pool with Shirley Jenkins, Marge Booth, and Joy Jolley, while Norrie Giffney, Peggy Hart, Joyce Oswald, and Mrs. Alan Crago play tennis — Audrey Crago in snappy playsuit of printed yellow gingham.

From sunbaking balcony above tennis house get good glimpse of refurbishing going on at Carthona, old, grey stone waterfront mansion next door, into which the Philip Bushells, Pam and Amber will be moving shortly.

I've heard . . .

SUSAN and Ann are names chosen for the Geoff Hartigans' twins . . . grandchildren of Railways Commissioner Hartigan.

Proceeds of last week's Exeter Show will buy War Savings Certificates for Exeter soldiers.

Ann Playfair, the John Playfairs' daughter who recently left Frensham, has begun massage course at Varsity. Cousin Judy, daughter of the Strath Playfairs, also doing same course.

Matinee cross-talk . . .

GET wedged in two-o'clock foyer crush at Minerva when Bellevue Hill branch of Army Medical Corps holds matinee. Overhear cross-conversation which goes something like this:

My dear, DO buy some sweets from me . . . only a shilling . . . Look, isn't that Marie Ney . . . just heard Mrs. Randolph Kidder tell her she can hardly wait to see "Ladies in Retirement" . . . adored it in New York . . . Mary's wearing a cartwheel . . . hope she isn't sitting in front of me . . . Don't think we'll ever get through this crowd . . . Oh, do you really think she's attractive . . . That's Audrey Jackson, here from England for duration . . . has most marvellous furs . . . Joan Hodgson looks nice in brown and blue . . . I think he's simply marvellous . . . and they're competing to see who can get the most pearl-and-platinum bracelets . . .

Camera-minded . . .

NOTICE Lady Wakehurst and Noreen Dangar both casting experienced eye at studies in photographic exhibition at David Jones', George Street . . . for Red Cross. Lady Wakehurst's children are camera enthusiasts, and Noreen seldom goes to large social event without her movie.

Another keen amateur is Miss Ruby Storey . . . has been since last war. Tells me that Red Cross executives were looking the other day at old photo of Red Cross workers during last war. "Why aren't you in it?" Miss Storey is asked. "Because I took it," says she.

Speaking of photography . . . colored movie of Hordern-McCoy wedding is being shown to family and friends. Measures about 400ft., recording "shots" of guests and bridal party at church and golf-club reception.

Calling Walcha . . .

HEAR that Mary Ewing is to be an April bride, so put a trunk-line call through to Walcha. Connection not so good, but am able to hear her say "Yes, April 2 is the date. St. Andrew's, Walcha, at 7.30 p.m., then small reception at local tennis club."

Sisters Meg and Judy Ewing will be bridesmaids, and, like Mary, will wear all white. Flowers will be sent from Sydney.

Bridegroom Richard Croft will take his bride to live at station home, Glendower.

Did you know? . . .

MRS. DOUG DOYLE is in charge of Army War Comforts Auxiliary canteen, 77 King Street, every Monday.

Lysle Mason, Judy Sayers, Betty Goodwin, Bea Meeks are Voluntary Aiding this month at the Lady Wakehurst Convalescent Home, Waverley.

The Basil Stanlands have named baby daughter Jennifer Ann. Mrs. Stanland was Billie Lloyd.

Jean McClure, of Nettalle, Wilcannia, weds Bob Andre next month . . . date and place depend on Bob's R.A.A.F. orders.

Mrs. Bill Sale returns this week to Queensland home after spending summer with her mother, Mrs. Daking-Smith, at Bowral.



• AMERICAN Consul-General's wife, Mrs. Albert M. Doyle, caught by candid camera looking up telephone numbers to invite guests to party in honor of U.S. Fleet.



• DRESS CIRCLE VIEW. Programme-sellers Suzanne Deane (left) and Dell McKerihan watch crowd arriving at Minerva for matinee in aid of Army Medical Corps.



• NUMBER, PLEASE! Voluntary Aid Ruth Billing operates switchboard at Lady Gowrie Red Cross Home, Gordon.



• "BEG FOR YOUR SUPPER" says Joan Cowlishaw to pet pup . . . at charity tennis tournament at Darling Point.



• HONEYMOONERS. Squadron-Leader and Mrs. Johanne King (formerly Mary Luxton), recently wed in Victoria, drop in to Prince's en route to Queensland.



• MRS. ERNEST McKEOWN is as decorative as exhibits when she attends Photographic Exhibition at David Jones' . . . for Red Cross.



• JUST ENGAGED. Best man Donald Blanton and bridesmaid Sybil Edwards, of Canberra, leaving St. Mary's after Blanton-Abbott wedding. They announced engagement day before wedding.



• LUNCH HOUR. Pretty Winifred Saxton photographed at Prince's . . . she was lunching with Newcastle visitor Judith Creer and Helen Bennett.



*Lovely contours—  
correct control*



... AND THE  
FREEDOM OF  
THAT MIRACLE  
ACTION BACK

Oh! The joyous freedom of this delightful foundation! Thanks to the action back, you can sit, stoop or bend without a sign of "riding-up" . . . of stocking ladders . . . or shoulder-strap discomfort. The simple, overlapping back section does all the giving . . . makes your Nu-back essentially a part of you. And, there's such elegance, too, in Nu-back's lovely flowing lines. Be fitted at your favourite store . . . for a Nu-back Foundation.

**NuBack**  
PATENTED

*The foundation that will not ride up*

A LIBERTY  
PRODUCTION

At McCATHIES, PITT STREET, SYDNEY

UNTIL FRIDAY, MARCH 28th.

Personal NU-BACK fittings by Mrs. ISLA STUART

## Asthma, Bronchitis Coughing, Choking Curbed in 3 Minutes

Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you choke and gasp for breath and can't sleep? Do you cough so hard you feel like you were being captured? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and can't eat certain foods?

No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is now hope for you in a Doctor's prescription called Mendaco. No drows, no nausea, no injections, no stimulants. All you do is take two tasteless tablets at meals and your attacks seem to vanish like magic. In 3 minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood, aiding nature to dissolve and remove strangling phlegm, promote free easy breathing and bring sound sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

No Asthma in 2 Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing but builds up the system to ward off future attacks. For instance, J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, had lost 45 lbs., suffered coughing,

choking and strangling every night, couldn't sleep, expected to die. Mendaco stopped Asthma spasms first night and he has had none since in over two years.

### Money Back Guarantee

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature rid you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel entirely well, like a new person, and fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your Chemist today and see how well you sleep tonight and how much better you will feel tomorrow. The guarantee protects you.

**CONQUERS ASTHMA**  
**Mendaco**

Now in 3 sizes . . . 3/2, 4/3, 12/6

**S**HE thought for a long time after he had gone. She wished that Helen had not stumbled on what was, alas, a truth. She and Burton did love each other, although their intentions towards themselves, and towards Sandy, too, were strictly honorable.

The young cannot understand half-measures. White is so beautifully white to them, and black so terribly and uncompromisingly black. Nicole did not see any way of explaining, and it seemed to her that a friendship had been spoilt.

Meanwhile Helen was flying down the road, her thoughts still in incoherent confusion. Nicole was engaged to Sandy, but it was somebody else she loved.

She was marrying Sandy. Was it just because he was a baronet, and Fleeting Gate belonged to him? Was Nicole like that? She could hardly believe it. Sandy ought to be given the world, and what he was getting was just somebody in love with another man! What's the good of writing to him, thought Helen, when I can't tell him the most important thing of all! What will he want with my letters when it is Nicole he loves?

The eternal triangle. Gosh, she thought, I never really believed there was such a thing!

And then she decided that she would write to Sandy because, after all, he cared for Fleeting, and she could tell him so much about it.

As it happened, her letter reached him at the same time as Nicole's. He didn't read it sitting on the top of a mountain looking at the mid-night sun, as she had suggested, because it was too cold. But he read it in a wooden hut lit by an evil-smelling lamp, and his spirit wasn't in Norway as he turned its pages.

He was back at Fleeting, and the hobnail boots of that old reprobate Jukes, turned saint for Sunday, creaked as he took the collection, and the organ droned out "Ye Servants of the Lord," which seemed to be the only tune with which the choir was really familiar. And he saw the bottles of boiled sweets in the window of the village shop, which Harwood and the Curtis woman had had the nerve to laugh at. And he saw a girl in a stable with a sick puppy on her lap. And he saw Fleeting Gate and Miss Letty busy cutting the heads off dead roses.

But it was Nicole's letter that went into his wallet, and Helen's just drifted in tiny pieces on the smooth surface of the fjord for a moment or two before they sank. Because Nicole was his love, and Helen just a nice kid he knew at home.

Helen had just finished writing this letter when her father came in. He was looking particularly cheerful.

"I've been at Fleeting Gate," he said. "Miss Frome wants us both to dine there on Tuesday night. The Curtis' will be there, too."

"I'm not going," said Helen shortly.

Her father looked grieved.

"Now, my dear, that's very tiresome of you! You shouldn't be so prejudiced. I know you don't like Mrs. Curtis, but she is a very charming woman, nevertheless. Not just the type of your schoolmistresses, but none the less attractive for that reason. You've still a great deal to learn about human nature!"

"Most of my schoolmistresses were old trout!" said Helen. She wasn't going to explain that Mrs. Curtis certainly would not keep her away from the party. Let her father think so if he wanted to! "I've learned quite a lot about human nature lately, worse luck! And I know people aren't always just what they seem to be. You're taken in too easily, father!"

"At my age?" said the doctor, justifiably annoyed.

"At any age," said Helen, and stalked from the room.

Dear me, wondered the doctor, dear me!

Helen, of course, had not been thinking of Mrs. Curtis, but as it happened the doctor had a very high opinion of her judgment. She was like her dead mother, a very calm, considered person. After all, come to think of it, what did one know of the Curtis', except what they had said of themselves? People weren't always what they seemed.

He had meant to tell Rachel quite a lot of his theory concerning local Fifth Columnists. He'd discovered that the barnmaid, far from being

faithful to her insurance agent, was taking his money and spending it on a local Adonis with a reputation as a poacher. Perhaps he'd better keep that under his hat a bit longer. He'd have a word with Harwood about it, though. If there were Fifth Columnists to be unmasked, he meant to be there at the unmasking!

But not a word to the Curtis'. Perhaps Helen was right about them. Perhaps they were not all they seemed.

"Belgium surrenders. Leopold hands over his army to Germany!"

Only one of the many devastating blows for the Allies. Only one of the many times that month of May when men looked at one another, sick at heart. Only another time when people in the streets snatched papers from strangers in order to read the bald, horrible facts for themselves. Only another setback, and then on again with redoubled energy.

Even in the West Country there were repercussions and in the local Inns veterans of the last war got together, and in a hundred tap-rooms the statesmen of the villages settled to their satisfaction the affairs of nations, and apportioned blame. And even Hitler might have quailed at the insults they hurled at him!

It was on the Tuesday after Leopold's surrender that Nicole held

## THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB



Every day from  
4.30 to  
5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, March 26.—  
Mr. Edwards and Goodie  
Reeve—Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, March 27.—  
June Marsden—Vocational  
Guide for Children.

FRIDAY, MARCH 28.—  
"Melody Mysteries." Competition  
and Results.

SATURDAY, March 29.—  
Goodie Reeve presents  
"Memories for the Asking."

SUNDAY, March 30.—June  
Marsden—Astrology for the  
Business Folk—Gardening by  
the Stars. Special: British  
Horoscopes.

MONDAY, March 31.—  
"With the A.I.F. Overseas."

TUESDAY, April 1.—  
June Marsden—Astrology for  
Women.

her dinner party. And it was on that evening at 7.15 that Burton came out of the door of his cottage wearing, of all the unusual garbs, a dinner-jacket. The expanse of his white shirt was clearly visible. He stood at the gate for a minute before he fetched the car from the ramshackle hut that he used as a garage. Then he drove away in the direction of Fleeting Gate.

In the drawing-room of Seaways Rachel Curtis put down the field-glasses and turned to her brother.

"He's off!" she said. "Now perhaps you'll be game to come, too!"

"I tell you, I don't like it!" said Maurice. "I don't like leaving the place at all!"

"I don't know what's come over you lately!" rasped Rachel. Her temper slipped. "What are we to the people of Fleeting? Brother and sister taking refuge from bombs in London, and bored stiff. How often have we impressed that fact upon them? Now here we have the chance of a pukka party. We ought to accept with delicious gladness, or they'll think there's something queer about us. Once get it into the heads of yokels that you are queer, and every time you cough they'll think it's a signal to the enemy."

"We shall be out of the house for four hours at the most, and the only man we are at all suspicious about will be there under our noses. Pull yourself together! You're supposed to be a hard-bitten character, not a palpitating piece of jelly!"

"Supposing somebody breaks in and has a look round?" said Maurice.

## The Way Back

Continued from page 12

"As long as they don't steal our sugar ration, I shouldn't worry!"

"You've left everything locked up?"

"Not a thing!" said Rachel. "Nice people like ourselves don't lock up when they go out. I shall even leave the window conveniently open, and if the dust underneath it is disturbed, we shall know we have had visitors. Come on!"

"Supposing they telephone?"

"They don't, more than once a fortnight."

"But everything's speeding up!"

"Come on!" said Rachel.

She was looking radiant this evening in a dress of sapphire-colored velvet. It had no trimming, but fell in perfect lines to her feet. Her back was bare, her neck and shoulders dazzlingly white. Sapphires gleamed in her ears, and there were more on her fingers. Burton was to be at the party. She wanted to know where she stood with him—if he meant to keep that appointment with her on Thursday. She'd an idea he rather liked the Frome girl. Well, to-night she could wipe the floor with her, and fully intended to do so.

If only Maurice wouldn't be so tiresome; if only he'd understand that she held the threads of their destinies in her hands, and that those hands truly knew their business.

"You'd better flirt with Nicole Frome!" she advised him. "She already thinks of you as her heroic preserver."

"I wasn't. And I'm not in the mood for women," said Maurice.

But he followed her out to the car nevertheless. They drove towards Fleeting Gate. From a narrow lane Burton saw them go. He had parked the car between high banks, bright already with bluebells, young green bracken and the first opening foxgloves. From the top of them he had been reconnoitring. Now, as the Curtis' disappeared, he acted quickly. There was no time to lose.

He drove towards Seaways. At the entrance to the grounds a figure detached itself from the shrubbery. It was Panton, the coastguard.

"Coast's clear, sir," he said.

"Yes. We'll be as quick as we can. Get in!"

They drove up to the house.

"Window open, sir. That makes it easy!"

"I don't think we'll take an entrance that has been left so very conveniently for us," said Burton.

Please turn to page 16

For The Blood, Veins, Arteries  
And Heart

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The Wonder Tablet  
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and Stop Limping**

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This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of revitalising the blood. Your copy in Free—see Offer below. Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue, and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, without which there can be no true healing! NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

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# HE SPOKE FOR ENGLAND...

## PRIESTLEY— Radio's good companion

J. B. Priestley's friendly man to man broadcasts from the B.B.C. have been published in a little book called "Postscripts."

THEY read as well in print as they sounded over the air. Priestley in these talks captured the spirit of England.

In one broadcast he said he was not trying to give his listeners the atmosphere of a ducal palace in Devon, but the spirit of England's man in the street—the little, bandy-legged factory worker going to work despite the blitzkrieg.

Priestley has been able to get nearer the soul of the average English man and woman than any other commentator.

Australians listening to overseas broadcasts have welcomed his North Country accent and his vivid word-pictures of England at war—dogged, defiant, and determined to see it through.

His "Postscripts" are so good that nearly all of them about out to be quoted. Here is Priestley on Dunkirk:

"Nothing, I feel, could be more English than this Battle of Dunkirk, both in its beginning and its end, its folly and its grandeur. It was very English in what was sadly wrong with it; this much has been freely admitted, and we are assured this will be freely discussed when the proper moment arrives.

"But having admitted this much, let's do ourselves the justice of admitting, too, that this Dunkirk affair was also very English (and when I say 'English' I really mean British) and in the way in which, when apparently all was lost, so much was gloriously retrieved.

"Bright honor was almost 'plucked from the Moon.' What began as a miserable blunder, a catalogue of misfortunes and miscalculations, ended as an epic of gallantry."

### Spring contrasts

PRIESTLEY is the authentic poet of England in this "Postscript":

"I don't think there has ever been a lovelier English spring than this last one, now melting into full summer. Sometimes, in between listening to the latest news of battle and destruction, or trying to write about them myself, I've gone out and stared at the red japonica or the cherry and almond blossom, so clear and exquisite against the moss-

### A Book to Read



PRIESTLEY giving a B.B.C. broadcast.

stained old wall—and have hardly been able to believe my eyes; I've just gaped and gaped like a bumpkin at a fair through all these weeks of spring.

"Never have I seen (at least, not since I grew up) such a golden-white of buttercups and daisies in the meadows.

"I'll swear the very birds have sung this year as they never did before. Just outside my study there are a couple of blackbirds who think they're still in the Garden of Eden.

"There's almost a kind of mockery in their fluting. I think most of us have often felt we simply couldn't believe our eyes and ears; either the war wasn't real, or this spring wasn't real."

But men and their reactions interest Priestley more than the countryside. How gloriously English is this piece of observation:

"The other day in that bit of Old London that Shakespeare and

Dickens knew—the Borough—a man was fined fifteen shillings for being drunk and disorderly. It seems that after the air-raid warning went this man insisted upon standing in the middle of the street and loudly singing 'Rule, Britannia!'

"Now, of course, it simply won't do to refuse to take cover during an air-raid or to be drunk and disorderly.

"I make no excuses for our friend from the Borough. Yet, between ourselves, I can't help feeling that when he stood there and sang 'Rule, Britannia' he had the right idea."

Has British defiance to Nazi mass murder ever been better illustrated?

Priestley tells of his admiration for Churchill in one broadcast, describing a visit to the House of Commons.

He sees Churchill, head sunk on his heavy shoulders, walking abstractedly to his place in the House.

"But then, coming out of his reverie and recognising who was beside him, Labor leader Bevin, Mr. Churchill gave his colleague a sharp little punch of greeting—a little dig in the ribs; and as he did this there flashed across his face a sudden boyish, mischievous, devil-may-care grin.

"And I said to myself as if I'd suddenly turned back twenty-five years and was a corporal of infantry again: 'That's the stuff to give 'em!'

### Heroic women

PRIESTLEY reserves a special tribute for the women of England.

"Nothing has impressed me more in this bombing battle of London than the continued high courage and resolution, not only of the wives and mothers, but also of the crowds of nurses, secretaries, clerks, telephone girls, shop assistants, waitresses who, morning after morning, have turned up for duty neat as ever—rather pink about the eyes, perhaps, and smiling rather tremulously, but still smiling.

"Here's this big bully, Goering, who for six years has been given all the resources of Germany to create the most terrible and merciless weapon of oppression Europe has ever known—the German air force; and he arrives in Northern France to command it himself, and to tell it to do its worst.

"And what happens? Why, a lot of London girls—pale-faced little creatures living on cups of tea and buns, who go tripping from tiny villas and flats with their minute attache-cases to tubes and buses and then to offices and shops—defy this Goering and all his Luftwaffe and all their high explosives and incendiaries and machine-guns—successfully defy them, still trotting off to work, still carrying on, still trim and smiling. Isn't that a triumph?"

"Postscripts." J. B. Priestley, William Heinemann. (Our copy from Angus and Robertson Ltd.)

## rhapsody in blue



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**HOUSE BURNED DOWN—because he dreamed of TEETH!**

The **ACHENESE** (SUMATRA) NEVER SPEAK OF DRAWING TEETH IN THE EVENINGS. THEY ALSO BELIEVE IT BRINGS DIRE MISFORTUNE TO DREAM OF DRAWING TEETH.

**DO YOU KNOW?**

**BACTERIAL MOUTH** first discovered in 1683!

IN 1683, **LEEUEWENDEK**, A DUTCH DRAPER, HABERDASHER AND LENS GRINDER, EXAMINED SOME TARTAR FROM HIS TEETH UNDER HIS HOME MADE MICROSCOPE. HE WAS THE FIRST MAN TO DISCOVER "ANIMALCULES!" MODERN BACTERIOLOGISTS RECOGNISE THE BACTERIA HE DESCRIBED AND SKETCHED. "BACTERIAL MOUTH" ALWAYS MEANS DENTAL DECAY. GUARD AGAINST DECAY BY USING **KOLYNOS** REGULARLY. IT CLEANS SURGICALLY AND ANTISEPTICALLY. DESTROYS DEADLY MOUTH-BACTERIA.

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## Beauty Specialist's Grey Hair Secret

Tells How to Make Simple Remedy to Darken Grey Hair at Home.

Sister Hope, a popular beauty specialist of Sydney, recently gave out this advice about grey hair: "Anyone can easily prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, to darken grey, streaked or faded hair and make it soft, lustrous and free of dandruff. Mix the following yourself to save unnecessary expense:—To a half-pint of water, add 1 ounce of Bay Rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These can be obtained at any chemist's. Apply to the hair a couple of times a week until the desired shade results. Years of age should fall from the appearance of any grey haired person using this preparation. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

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## HE

had told himself that, whatever he thought, he must remember that Rachel had probably thought one move ahead. He was not making the mistake of under-estimating her capabilities. That window caught the eye too easily. But they found another way of entrance through a pantry window. It hung on a hook, but a piece of wire, dexterously used, detached it. Burton could not have got in through the opening himself, but Panton was small and agile. He twisted himself in through the opening, then admitted Burton through the kitchen door. A beetle scurried away under their feet.

"They should use insect powder," said Burton. "The cellar first. We may have to force the door!"

But it was open.

"Doesn't look as if there were much to hide here," said Panton.

Burton did not reply. He was on his way down the stone steps. The cellar was whitewashed and cool, with stone tables. There was a half-cooked chicken on one of them, and the remains of a sweet from lunch. There were cases of empty bottles waiting to be returned, as well as other cases in a more interesting condition. From the grained ceiling there were hooks, from which more housewife owners had, no doubt, hung many hams. There was a barrel that had once held beer.

After looking round, Burton went down on hands and knees. The stone floor was smooth and even. He felt for a loose seam. There was nothing. They tapped the walls, and found no fluctuation in sound. The cellar was just as it appeared to be. There was no doubt of it.

"And there's only the coal cellar beyond," said Panton. "I'm afraid you've been barking up the wrong

tree, if you don't mind me saying so, sir."

"I wonder!" replied Burton, thoughtfully.

He opened the door of the coal cellar. A shovel fell down with a clatter that startled them both.

"Well, they've certainly laid in enough to last them a long time!" remarked Panton. "They don't mean to be cold next winter. Obeying government orders all right, there!"

"Yes, there's enough coal for another nine months, I should think," said Burton.

He was examining it with a puzzled frown. Did these two mean to stay in the West Country all that time? Or were these supplies left by the real owner of the house? Come to think of it, that didn't seem very likely either. Did the coal really fill the whole extent of the cellar, or didn't it? Would it be possible for it to be shovelled away, and then replaced afterwards? If so surely somewhere there should be a trace of that disturbance.

"What's that hatch up there near the ceiling?" he asked.

"That's how they get the coal up to the kitchen. Very handy, too. Saves coming down these stairs all the time!"

"Then why is there such a lot of coal dust here in the passage?" asked Burton.

"Well, there's always a lot of coal dust where there's coal."

"Or where coal has been shovelled," said Burton. "Panton, that coal has been moved, quite recently, too! Coal-men are more professional. They stack the coal as they unload it. They don't leave it in heaps that are dislodged at a touch. We're going to shovel that coal away. We'll probably make a better job of it than Curtis has done."

"I'll take hours, sir!" expostulated the coastguard.

"Not if I think. And if I'm right, there should be shovels not too far away. Curtis is a lazy sort of chap; he'll keep his tools handy. Look among that junk at the bend of the stairs where those old fishing-rods stand. But no, I will!"

He went upstairs and investigated the hatch of the coal cellar into the kitchen. Yes, that was the way in which the coal was usually brought. He could see that in the seaming of black dust on the linoleum. He was sure he'd hit on something important. When he found a long-handled shovel with coal dust still adhering to it his suspicions seemed confirmed. He picked it up with gathering excitement.

It was at that moment that the telephone rang loudly, shrilly, splitting the silence of the house. The sound was somehow eerie, unfriendly, ominous.

Burton hesitated. The thought had occurred to him that this might be a trap. Rachel might be at the other end. If he answered it she would know quite certainly that he was in the house. Was it possible that she was thinking ahead of him again? Would she know that it was not in his nature to leave it unanswered? Or it might be just some friendly neighbor wanting to pass the time of day. If so, he'd have to pretend that they had the wrong number. But answer that phone he must!

He took up the receiver. He disguised his voice so that it was as impersonal as possible.

"Hallo!"

"Why don't you answer me at once?" rapped the voice at the other end.

The English was perfect, every syllable flawlessly pronounced, but there was something odd and foreign about it nevertheless, every word given with an even emphasis.

"Do you hear?" said the voice.

"I was in the cellar," said Burton. "I came as soon as I could." He hoped that he sounded like Maurice, who had the typical service voice—clipped, authoritative, a cross between the accent of Oxford and that of a company commander.

"Shovelling coal?" said the voice. And then, "Depression approaching over Iceland!"

What does that mean? wondered Burton. He remembered something. He remembered Rachel Curtis a few weeks ago on the telephone.

"Weather report not too good," he said, even as she had said it.

"At twelve-thirty to-night," said the voice.

"Very good," said Burton.

There was a click. The man at the other end had hung off. Did he know that he had been speaking to

## The Way Back

Continued from page 14

a stranger? Did he take me for Curtis? wondered Burton. Probably. If he hadn't he would have made me talk more, in order to be quite certain. Twelve-thirty to-night. What's going to happen at twelve-thirty to-night?

Panton appeared from the cellar.

"So you've found the shovel, sir," he said. "You'd better pinch a mackintosh as well if you're coal heaving! You don't want that nice dress shirt spoilt!"

"We're not coal heaving. Something's happening here at twelve-thirty. I don't know what, yet."

He told him of the message.

"The coal can wait," he said. "It would take too long. We're drawing a cordon round the house and round the beach. Get in touch with the military straight away!"

"You really think there's something in it, sir?" asked the coastguard.

"I'm sure of it," said Burton. "And now," he added, "I'm going to that dinner party!"

"Dinner party, sir, when all this is happening?"

"I'm keeping an eye on the two principal persons in this little drama," replied Burton. "They know nothing about twelve-thirty, remember! If I can keep them at Fleeting, so much the better, even if it means puncturing all four wheels of their car. That would probably disconcert their friends quite a bit."

"You've no idea what we have to expect, sir?"

"I've lots of ideas, but I'm keeping them to myself at present. They may all be wrong. But I'll be with you at twelve-thirty. So long!"

He departed. Panton looked after him and scratched his head.

"A rum cove," he reflected. And then, "Well, I'm glad I haven't got to shovel all that blinking coal!"

## N

ICOLE'S guests sat in a strained and uneasy semicircle. She had managed to collect quite a number. As well as the Curtis' and the Nairns there were the vicar and his wife and Miss Black, who was reputed, quite erroneously, to have made a fortune out of selling clotted cream by post; and an artist named Michael Ware who painted everything in bright vermilion. They were all looking worried, and the hands of the clock stood at 8.30.

"I just can't think what can have happened to him!" cried Nicole for at least the sixth time. "I'm afraid dinner's going to be completely spoiled. I think we'd better not wait any longer. But he promised me faithfully that he would come."

"You must remember, of course, that he is still a sick man," said Dr. Nairn. "He's apt to be extremely erratic and forgetful; it's all part of his illness."

"Wouldn't you consider him cured?" demanded Rachel crisply. "He seems perfectly well."

"Oh, but appearances are deceptive," said the doctor. "After all, it takes years to recover from the sort of grueling he had. He is bound to have recurrent attacks."

He was secretly excited. He wondered what Harwood was doing, and if he had found out about the insurance agent and the barnard. Maurice jumped to his feet. He had been very nervy and restless, and had drunk three glasses of sherry, an indulgence which the rest of the party considered unpatriotic in wartime.

"Look here, I'll go and fetch him," he began.

"It's hardly worth while. We'll go on with dinner," said Nicole. "He's very unlikely to come now—"

"Commander Harwood!" announced Annie severely.

It was Rachel who saw Nicole's look of blank surprise. I don't believe the girl was expecting him at all, she thought, with sudden, sharp apprehension. Burton was standing in the doorway.

"Hallo, everybody!" he exclaimed.

"Am I the last?"

"You certainly are," said Nicole. "Do you know you are over half an hour late?"

"But it's just eight-thirty!"

"I invited you for eight."

"My dear girl, I'm perfectly certain you didn't. Why, I've been cooling my heels at the village pub until it was time for me to put in an appearance!"

"We didn't see your car outside when we passed," said Rachel.

## O

H, I always hide it at the back among the pigsties and take out the ignition key, since the Government got all windy," said Burton. "I hope I'm sitting next to you, Rachel, I can't I?"

"Dinner is served, madam!" announced Annie at this juncture.

They all went into the dining-room, Nicole hobbling there with the aid of a stick. She was bewildered. She couldn't help wondering furiously what had happened. Happily the extra cover had been set for Burton. He took no notice of her. He sat down beside Rachel without waiting to see whether that was how the table was arranged or not. He gave the definite impression of somebody who, if not drunk, at least had for the last hour been the reverse of teetotal.

Helen Nairn stared at him. She had yielded to pressure, and had come to the party after all. She had always seen Burton curt, unsmiling, saturnine. She, too, was bewildered. He was behaving exactly as if he were in love with Rachel Curtis. His arm was so close to her bare white shoulder that he occasionally touched it. Once she could have sworn their hands met under the table. In that case it was perhaps only Nicole who loved him, not he who loved Nicole?

The party was going well now. No doubt of it. Cook had done most creditably in keeping the food from spoiling. Nicole, at the end of the table, was a very alluring hostess. The vicar and the doctor sat on either side of her and were assiduous in their attentions. A nice girl, a really nice girl, they decided, a girl who will be an acquisition to the village!

Dr. Nairn wasn't sure about the Curtis woman to-night. That sapphire velvet frock was—well, theatrical! She was encouraging Harwood blatantly. Perhaps Helen had been right about her. And, talking of neurasthenia, that fellow Curtis looked as if he could do with a course of bromide. He was crumbling his bread into pellets, drinking far too much and eating nothing.

He glanced at his daughter. She had wheeled him into buying her a new frock for the occasion, and she had had her brown hair set high in little curls over her low forehead. The frock was white, belted with pink and blue. It was like a frock her mother had worn on her honeymoon. Her hair was done in much the same way, too. She looked young and fresh and buxom, but also a little sad and serious. He sighed in spite of himself. What sort of life was she going to find at Fleeting?

After dinner Nicole went back to her sofa. There was bridge and conversation. At eleven the party began to break up.

"I do most of the milking myself these days," Miss Black confided to Nicole. "I'm hoping to get one of the electrical milking machines after the war."

"Mid-week service at eight," explained the vicar, excusing himself.

"I shouldn't wonder if I were called on to the moor before morning," announced Dr. Nairn. "Come on, Helen!"

"You're not really going back to bed, are you?" Burton was saying to Rachel.

"What else is there to do?" she parried.

"You and Maurice could come to my place for drinks."

"My friend, you have had enough to drink already!"

"At eleven p.m.? Can't be done! Good night, Nicole. Thank you for a very pleasant evening and all that!"

She was wearing the black frock with the little tight-fitting bodice and the multi-colored posies of flowers spread over the skirt of it, the frock she had worn at the Squinting Dog. "Darling, we're an extremely handsome couple!" she had said to him. But it was Rachel's arm he was taking as they went out into the early mid-May evening. It was hardly dark.

"Come back to the cottage with me," he said. "Let Maurice go back to bed if he wants to."

"I'm tired, too. In this remote fastness one hits the hay very early!"

"Let me come to you, then," said Burton.

He was pressing her insistently. But a little word of warning was echoing in her mind. Why had the Frome girl looked so surprised when he had entered? It might mean nothing—or everything.

To be continued

EVER  
FEEL JADED



EARLY IN THE EVENING?

Sleepy after meals? Jaded early in the evening? Irritable, nervy? Have headaches and occasional pains in the back and legs? Sallow skin, dull eyes?

All signs of constipation.

You are "regular"? Many who are regular have constipation without knowing it. Their elimination is not complete. So poisons get into the bloodstream, and they feel vaguely below par. For this condition there is an honest prescription. Doctors recommend it unhesitatingly because it is not a patent medicine. The analysis is printed on every bottle, so doctors know what they are prescribing. It is not a drug, and the dosage is so small it cannot form a habit.

For half a century it has been doing people good. Like many doctors' prescriptions it is basically and unalterably right. Unaffected by change, which is not always progress, or by fashion, which is mostly fad. Take it and you will find your step lighter and your mind brighter and your energy greater. In a word—

YOU'LL FEEL ALL THE BETTER FOR A PINCH OF

**KRUSCHEN**

Take Kruschen in tea or in hot water, as much as will cover a sixpence, every morning. 1/6 and 2/9 a bottle at Chemists and Stores.

K 9-1840



MOPSY — The Cheery Redhead



"Sometimes I think I ought to go to work and amount to something, and then I decide I'm not worth it!"



"When I talk people listen to me with their mouths wide open."  
"Oh, are you a dentist?"



"And remember, Mary, always use the pink bath-salts for Fido. He's allergic to white."



NEW ASSISTANT: I sent a sprig of mint with Mrs. Flinter's lamb, sir!  
BUTCHER: Well, you'd better send a sprig of forget-me-not with her bill.

MOTHER SAYS

I'VE GIVEN BABY REXONA CARE EVER SINCE SHE WAS BORN. ITS GENTLE MEDICATIONS KEEP HER SKIN AND HAIR LOVELY!



EXPERTS in child study advise Rexona Soap because its special compound of mild medications — Cady! — helps to maintain the natural beauty of baby's skin. Rexona can help your skin, too, to loveliness! Its medicated lather clears the pores of germ-laden impurities—leaves the skin radiant with health.

**REXONA**  
is more than a beauty soap,  
it's a  
*Complete Skin Treatment*



Persistent skin troubles need the marvelous curative treatment of Rexona Soap and Ointment, used together.

**TREATMENT:** Wash frequently with Rexona Soap. At night smear a little Rexona Ointment on the affected parts. This rapid-healing treatment leaves the skin clear and unmarked.



Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"WHAT can I do to have soft, beautiful hands?" asked the client in the beauty parlor.  
"Nothing, madame," replied the specialist, "and do it all day long."

**POLICEMAN** (to motorist bending over pedestrian): How did you come to knock him down?  
Motorist: I didn't. I pulled up to let him go past, and he fainted.

"WOMAN is more beautiful than man."  
"Naturally."  
"No—artificially."

"HERE'S your ring back. I love another."  
"What's his name and address?"  
"Oh, you're not going to kill him!"  
"No—sell him the ring!"

"ON the right-form platoon!" roared the sergeant.  
The recruits carried out some kind of manoeuvre which left him speechless. He looked at them for a moment, then his voice returned:  
"All right," he said in disgust, "Now take your partners for the lancers."

**BATTERED** and bruised, he was protesting to the policeman about his wife.  
"My life isn't safe," he said. "She's been throwing things at me ever since we got married."  
"And it's taken you twenty years to seek protection against her?"  
"Well, her aim's getting good now."

Isn't she charming!

Such an attractive smile and nice teeth—she chews healthful, delicious Wrigley's Chewing Gum daily



It is an easy, pleasant way to achieve these results. Chewing WRIGLEY'S also removes the small particles of food which lodge between the teeth and which may easily cause decay. And in cases of flatulence, it is a life-saver. In addition, this daily, agreeable way of chewing helps brace up sagging facial muscles and to restore the natural, attractive contour of your face and chin.

If you find it difficult to concentrate, or if your nerves are unsteady, chewing WRIGLEY'S aids you to overcome these troubles. Three delicious flavours—P.K. (real peppermint), Spearmint (essence of garden mint) and Juicy Fruit (husciouly sweet). Buy several packets today and always have a supply handy.

**WRIGLEY'S**

Three Delicious Flavours for Your Choice. An Australian Product. On Sale Everywhere.

AU23



# An Editorial

MARCH 29, 1941

## A GREAT GANG—THESE GOBS!



**M**OST of Sydney is talking with a touch of American drawl this week, and there are some picturesque new slang phrases being tried out. The visit of the fleet has given this kick to our speech.

What a great gang they were, the Americans.

Clean-cut stalwarts, with a bright turn of speech and a quick wit that changed conversation into entertainment.

For three days Sydney was refreshed by their breezy friendliness.

They provided a sort of mental tonic. The war, always with us, keeps our sense of fun somewhat subdued. The Gobs brought an irresistible air of carnival to the city, and laughter-loving Sydney was quick to take the cue.

Mr. Roosevelt told us plainly that the Americans are shoulder-to-shoulder with us in the fight for freedom.

Last week they were also arm-in-arm with us for three fiesta days.

Sydney enjoyed them. We hope they enjoyed Sydney.

Now that they have gone, the sober thoughts return. They did more for us than provide a carnival atmosphere and some diverting slang.

They reminded us that we have a lot of American cousins and that the whole family is sticking together.

As Australians, we are proud to know and quick to claim that, come one, come all, the British Empire would fight alone if she must.

But that pride yields nothing when we admit to a quick sense of gratitude that our American cousins are willing to bear some of the burden.

Mr. Roosevelt has told us how great that share will be.

Our visitors let us know how willingly it will be borne.

—THE EDITOR.

# Letters from our Boys

**T**HOSE "little bits" you read to friends from letters of husband, son or sweetheart in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies of extracts from letters. A payment of 2/6 will be made for each extract published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published.

**A cook with a cavalry regiment in Egypt to his wife, Mrs. Ken Knights, Strathalbyn, S.A.:**

"We haven't been in this particular spot many days, and the elements of nature have been anything but pleasant.

"Sandstorms! My eyes have been full of sand, and I have been crunching sand between my teeth.

"I wouldn't mind being back in our old spot, where we camped before marching here.

"I built there a wigwam of palms and lined it with opened-up cardboard boxes, and had a native palm mat on the floor.

"It was a luxury and a trifle more roomy than my present dugout. Two of us share it—a hole dug out of the side of a hill.

"You can visualise me at this moment lying or half sitting in my corner scribbling this on one knee.

"We have the Italians on the run, but wish it was the Germans, then it would soon be over and I'd be breaking my neck to get home to you and the lad.

"But don't worry, it won't be too long and then our reunion will be worth all the sacrifice of parting, won't it?"

**A leading-aircraftman in Singapore to his father in Rockhampton, Qld.:**

"LAST Monday was a big day for the Hindus on the island, the day being known as 'Thay Pu Sam'.

"They believe that on this day of every year all their gods come to earth to be present with all their people.

"One of the ceremonies which they go through is the piercing of their bodies with needles, some of which are upward of 3 feet in length, and on top of these are placed heavy weights.

"The remarkable part about it is that these chaps do not bleed from the piercing. It is no fake, I can assure you.

"Before becoming eligible the candidate must first observe the strictest rules and fast for 41 days. I am told that this fasting is the reason why they do not bleed when pierced."

**Corporal W. Key to friends in Sydney:**

"AT one time I used to hate the tanks—I thought they were a noisy contraption—but now I love 'em.

"They remind me of huge ducks. They come waddling up and squat down, then bang go all their guns—good-bye Dago pillbox.

"During the attack on Tobruk some of us were a little over-anxious, consequently we got cut off from the rest of the battalion.

"We found ourselves in a ravine or wadi, as they call them, and fair dinkum we were surrounded by Dagoes. There were pillboxes all round us, and they hit us with everything, including the kitchen sink.

"I never want to see another fireworks display again. They even turned their

## Winnie the War Winner



"No need to worry about that sentry. He's an Aussie."

artillery on to us, and fired point blank from a distance of fifty yards.

"I tell you, pals, I sweated. Then, lo and behold, up waddled a couple of our tanks. You would have thought it was my rich uncle, I was so pleased.

"I could have thrown my arms round those tanks and kissed 'em. I might have, for all I know. Anyway, we soon had some prisoners."

**Pte. L. R. Myott in Egypt to his sister, Kath, now Mrs. P. Bauer, Kensington, N.S.W.:**

"I'M not surprised to hear that you and Phil are to be married soon. Phil is a grand chap, and you should be very happy together.

"It certainly would be a happy day for me if I could be home for the wedding.

"On the day that you walk down the aisle I'll most probably be firing at spaghetti-eating Italians, but my thoughts will be of you, wishing you the very best.

"Even now I can imagine you walking down the aisle with that haughty swing of the shoulders and your short, sure steps, your smiling face looking towards your husband-to-be, your ears tuned in to the soft, sweet music of the 'Wedding March'.

"Friends and relations half-turned in their seats to watch, as attended by colorfully-dressed bridesmaids and flower girl, you step along that short and narrow strip of sacred carpet leading to the altar.

"We are separated by the storm-tossed waters of many seas, but my thoughts often stray back to that little old home on a hill in Spring Street."

**A corporal in Palestine to a friend in East Malvern, Vic.:**

"WE have been working day and night, since our boys went into action, and I'm just about dead-beat, but when I go on leave to Jerusalem next time I'll be the laziest man on earth.

"I had a Turkish bath the other day down in the 'Wog' village, and I still wonder why I'm alive.

"I went down with a couple of coppers, and the 'Wogs' took us down numerous underground passages until we came to the dressing-room. After stripping off we were taken to a pool of hot water and had to boll for a quarter of an hour. Then they took us to the baking-room, where we had to lie on hot bricks for another quarter of an hour, then a 'Wog' came and scrubbed us with a rubber scrubbing-brush. I never thought I was so dirty. The skin and dirt just peeled off in big layers.

"After all this I went through a session of having ice water thrown in bucketful over me, and I think you could possibly have heard me yell back in Australia.

"After this they roll you in about three blankets and give you a glass of lemonade. However, it was worth it, as you have no idea how good it makes you feel when you get out in the air again."

**A soldier in Egypt to his cousin at Snug River, Tas.:**

"I HAD almost finished a letter to you a week ago when I spilled the ink all over it.

"You can blame the Dago for it all. He made me duck in a hurry, and to add insult to injury he put a piece of rock in our stew.

"The show is all over at Tobruk, and we are having a spell for a few days.

"It's all right, too. We get up just when we feel like it, and there are no parades and no work.

"This is about a week later, and we have been all over the country since I started this.

"The Dago is moving away as fast as he can go, and we are trying to catch up.

"We had a good day yesterday. Passed through some farm country (of a sort), and built up our larder a little.

"We had few for tea last night, and pork to-night. We ran the pig down, and I bought it with 'til' money. It's the first pork I've tasted for nine months. I rounded up a couple of cows to-day for some milk, but they were dry, or else someone had beaten me to it.

"It rained last night, and we were nicely wet. I'm all in favor of peace in the wet weather, and then, to make matters worse, I let the coffee boil over our blankets.

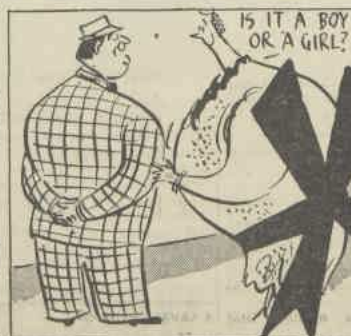
"We found a case of Dago wine to-day and shared it around. It's not nearly as good as our own, though occasionally we drop on a bottle of extra nice stuff."

**From a gunner in England to his brother in North Queensland:**

"DAVID NIVEN, the film star who left Hollywood to join the army, is a captain in the Rifle Brigade stationed near us. I have not actually seen him, but will see one of his films at the local theatre to-night.

"Everything here is horribly dear. I bought a shrivelled-up orange the other day for 3d., or seven ha'pennies, as they say here. An ounce of tobacco costs two shillings, and tastes terrible. I'd willingly swim back to Aussie for a tin of my old brand."

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP





# LOVE finds Ginger ... and leads him to HER garden

Novel tips on raising and mowing a lawn

By MAL VERCO and GINGER

Australia's famous entertainers

After what happened last week, I'm darned nearly frightened to walk down the street these days.

It's Ginger, of course. He's fallen in love. And how! Also why? It's really terrible!

IT happened so simply. Trilling like a lark, I zipped down the road to buy a paper or something, and ran into Ginger. He was glowing like "the lighthouse across the bay."

His hair always glows, of course, but this time he was wearing a positively ghastly suit of plus fours, a bright heliotrope tie, and a diamond pin that would have choked a welching bookie.

"Hello, hello!" I said in an imitation jocular voice. "Off to meet a girl, I suppose?"

But the bushfire blond only glowed. "Mal," he said, in an awed voice, "I'm going along to meet HER father."

Gulping a bit, he broke the news. It nearly broke me, too. "You've simply gotta come along and lend me moral support—he's a garden-ing maniac, he is . . . her old man," he glooped.

When I'd made sure that the only loan required was moral support, I went along, and soon our feet were crunching the shell grit at

stephence a bag that was spread out on the path of a neatly-kept suburban home.

"Mal good fellow," said Ginger to a dingy sort of old codger who was stooping over a bush in the garden.

"Kahndly tell the master we have arrived." This in the sort of voice that would have made the average family retainer offer to swap places with the headless ghost.

But this fellow wasn't daunted. He blew through his beard in a contemptuous manner and turned a very blank eye on Ginger.



Love wins the day and Ginger mows the lawn for his fiancée's father.

Whereupon Ginger fell back with a muted cry, "Lumme," he said, "it's him."

"So you're me daughter's young man," he said. "Well, well, well . . . shake me by the hand." And he plastered a couple of pounds of sludge over Ginger's fist. "I'm just planning the old garden out for the winter's planting. Won't be a second."

And he turned, hitting Ginger in the eye with the handle of a rake. (It hung out of his pants' pocket. He wore those sort of pants.)

"Now then," said the bearded bloke, "I'm going to show you round the garden. Me daughter told me you were keen on pottering."

I leapt out of range, expecting Ginger to explode. But no, Love had done its deadly work. Ginger's eyes goggled dreamily. He scraped one foot on the gravel, and admitted, with a simper, that he was very fond of gardening.

The girl's father was not an impressive orator, but what he lacked in style he made up in stamina. After an hour he was warming nicely to his subject. "Boy," he said, with a leer at Ginger, "chrysanthemums are hard to grow. You should pinch them very carefully."

"You're telling me, Pappy," said Ginger, with an even worse leer, "I ALWAYS pinch mine. It's a darned sight easier than growing 'em . . ."

## A new brew

THE old codger held us with a glittering eye. "Now I'll tell you something," he said. "Tobacco brew, mixed with soapy water, is an excellent wash for insects."

Ginger whipped in here. "I don't know," he said. "I always let 'em go dirty. Why give them luxuries at a time like this?"

"Also," he gabbled, "I've invented a new lawn . . . the growthless lawn." The old bloke just goggled.

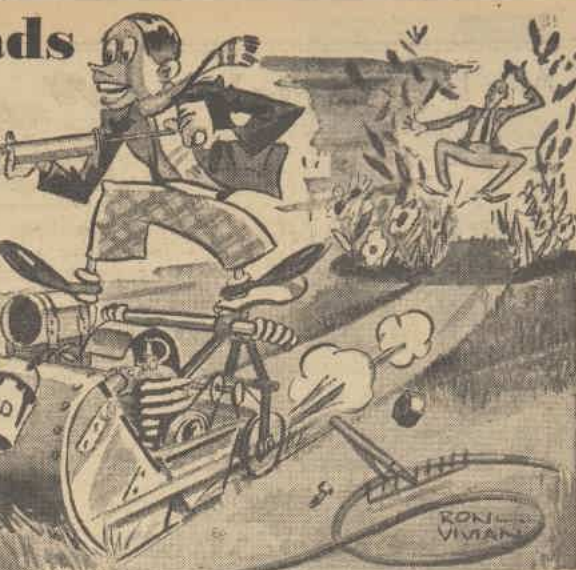
"You just remove the cause of the growth. Chop off the roots below the surface, and you'll have a green carpet that can't grow any longer," he hurried on. "When it fades, a touch of green paint will bring the color back. It's a sure thing to save you from any more aching backs . . . you'll just have the same old one."

The bearded Burbank turned and stared flatly at Ginger. He seemed to size up his chances. Then he took the plunge. "So you're interested in lawns," he asked omnibously.

"Sure," said Ginger.

"Good," said the girl's father. "The lawn needs cutting badly. I'll get the mower out for you, and Mr. Verco and I'll sit on the verandah to keep you company." (Yes, I was included in the conversation at last.)

It seemed for a minute that



Ginger would rebel, but love won the day, and he drooped around to the front, with the lawn-mower making dejected noises at his heels.

Suddenly the old chap gave a frenzied yell. "You're cutting that lawn badly," he said, as Ginger

whipped the tops off a couple of Christmas lilies. "You're cutting it very badly . . ."

"Well," said Ginger, with a final flourish that knocked over at least ten dahlias . . . "You said yourself it wanted cutting badly."

This Film Star Bath keeps skin fragrant



... and makes you a lovelier person from top to toe ...

Here's the first lesson from Hollywood's charm school—a daily beauty bath with Lux Toilet Soap! When you massage your back, arms and shoulders with this super-creamed lather, you cream as you wash. Softening! Beautifying! And the new long-lasting tablet is economical.

LUX TOILET SOAP  
It's Supercreamed

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Style by A. Brown Salon

## IN THRILLING WAVES AND SOFT-MOULDED CURLS!

Now you can have hair groomed to perfection the whole week through! Damp-setting, Hollywood's hair secret, enables you to keep your hair in sparkling waves and lovely curls . . . perfectly groomed for all occasions.

THREE EASY STEPS . . . 1. Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it. 2. Brush a few drops of VELMOL through the hair, and 3. Arrange waves and curls with fingers and comb.

What a glorious change damp-setting makes in dull unruly hair! Instantly revives your wave. Hair becomes lustrous and silky-soft—never stiff or "oily"! Damp-set with VELMOL regularly to keep your hair-style "salon-fresh." Ask for VELMOL, at chemist, store, hairdresser. A bottle lasts months.

Clifton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney





The World's finest  
Lubricating Oil

**NOW  
REDUCED  
TO 1/1!**



Cleaves—  
Polishes—  
Prevents rust  
and tarnish

## Eczema Goes in Seven Days

Thousands of people who suffer from itching skin, eczema, and unsightly eruptions will be glad to know that Moone's Emerald Oil, a clean, powerful, penetrating, antiseptic oil, will banish their trouble in seven days or less.

For years you may have been using ointments and salves, and while these may have helped to relieve soreness, they often choked the pores and did not allow the poisonous matter to escape.

Moone's Emerald Oil overcomes this objection, for this oil penetrates down to the cause of the trouble, and leaves the pores open and free to discharge all poisonous secretions. Moone's Emerald Oil is highly concentrated, and only a few drops are required at an application. You can get it at any chemist's. Directions on each bottle.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

**T**HERE were five rooms, a bedroom each for Erica and Jennifer, and a sitting-room. This left a storeroom above and a huge barn-like room stretching the length of the house, which they had fitted up with a ping-pong table and a dart board. This was where their parties were held.

When Erica's mother died, leaving her a thousand pounds and a houseful of furniture, she hadn't known what to do. Then, quite by accident, and certainly not imagining that she would take the suggestion seriously, someone whispered "milk bar" to her, and after that the more she thought about it the more the idea appealed to her.

She threw up her job and went to work in a prosperous London milk bar for a few months as an apprentice. It was here that she met Jennifer Lane, who announced that her people were willing to finance her when she was ready to start on her own. The two girls liked each other, and, pooling their money, they at last opened their green-and-white milk bar.

The rooms upstairs were furnished with antiques Erica had saved from the sale of her home. Now Erica found herself wishing desperately that Peter, and not Tim, was coming to-night. She felt that he'd like her home and enjoy himself there.

Two evenings later, after the milk bar was closed, Erica went downstairs to answer the doorbell and found Peter there.

Peter without Adrienne! Heaven without Reality! Drawn up by the kerb was a taxi, and Peter said: "I've got a favor to ask you, Erica."

"Yes, Peter?"

"I've got a few things of my own that I brought along with me. They're in the taxi. I didn't want to leave them for the new people who've taken Wanderers. Not that they're valuable, but I'm sentimental about them. Now that I've brought them away, though, I don't know what to do with them."

"Boiled down, what you want to ask is whether I'll look after them for you."

"That's about it."

"But I'd love to. Bring them in." He bounded out, and she went upstairs to where Jennifer was tuning-in to a station that was broadcasting dance music. A few minutes later she heard the taxi door close and before she had time to explain to Jennifer Peter came clattering up the stairs and burst in unceremoniously, laden with his treasures.

"Good gracious, it looks like Santa Claus!" Jennifer laughed. Then she disappeared.

Peter had some pictures under one

arm, and some books and a vase under the other.

He set the things down reverently. "If you've got an odd spot for them—any old place will do."

"Any old place won't do, Peter," Erica cried. "They're lovely! These pictures—" She stood gazing at them. They were of trees, such trees. Gaunt and rich red, and beautiful, like giants in a green valley.

He said shyly: "The books are first editions. I'm rather fond of them. My favorite uncle left them to me."

Erica looked from them to the vase on the table. It was of a dull reddish-brown, and cracked all over in a kind of pattern.

Peter said fondly: "My uncle left me that, too."

Erica put it on the bureau. "It can stay there if you like. And the books I'll put away because, being first editions, they're valuable."

"It's very good of you," said Peter.

For three weeks after that, Erica never saw Peter without Adrienne, and at times the ache in her heart was almost intolerable.

One evening, out of a dun, misty world Peter walked in alone.

"He looked as though something had gone very wrong and he came and sat on a high stool at the counter."

"Hullo, Erica."

"Hullo, Peter. If you want coffee, why don't you come along and have it upstairs? Shop's just closing and it's more comfortable up there."

The pink shades threw a soft light over the room; the fire flickered and danced and threw shadows over the hearth.

Peter sat there saying nothing very much for a long time. And then: "Dad died last week. Heart."

"Oh, Peter, I'm so sorry." Impulsively he leant forward and laid a hand on his arm.

"You heard about the Fleming crash? It was in the papers. Well, Dad was one of the people who lost every bean in that. I was another. The shock was too much for him."

Peter seemed to want to talk about it, and she sat back in her corner of the settee listening. "Adrienne's terribly out up about it all, too. You see, we'd got everything planned for our wedding; we'd almost settled on the flat and the furniture was chosen. It's rotten for her."

"I suppose," thought Erica, "you couldn't by any chance think of yourself, Peter. Revlake!" Aloud, she just said, "You may find there'll be something left out of the crash after all. Things have a way of

## Vase of Dreams

Continued from page 6

turning out to be not so bad in the end."

He shook his head. "Not in this case. I'm flat broke except for my Air Force pay. When the war ends I'll have to start saving right from the beginning—you know, dropping pennies into a money-box."

Secretly she thought that with Peter that would be fun. But it wouldn't be fun with Adrienne, she could see that. Nothing would be fun without money to her.

Tim Fortescue came in a lot that next week. Erica found herself looking forward to his visits, finding in talking to him an antidote for the lack of Peter's love.

The following Wednesday night he brought a friend with him to the "Open House," a man older than himself whom he introduced as Captain Shannon.

Erica introduced him around. Later, when they drifted into the sitting-room for refreshments, a young pilot was doing a balancing trick with a walking-stick and a ping-pong ball.

The stick wobbled.

"Look out!" Captain Shannon cried, and in a single movement had dived forward and seized the red vase from the bureau just before the stick came crashing down on it.

He stood there and drew a breath.

"Nearly an accident!"

The young pilot laughed. "Sorry Erica, I'll try a safer trick." He produced a pack of cards.

The crowd gathered round. Captain Shannon remained standing in the corner staring at the vase in his hands. Then he raised his head, and there was utter amazement in his eyes as he looked at Erica.

**"D**O you realise what you've got here, standing on that bureau for anyone to knock over?" he demanded.

"All I know is that it's a vase," he said with a voice of awe. "It is of incredible value."

She wanted to laugh. Of all the things Peter had brought this cracked thing looked like junk.

"Miss Forest, please don't think I'm joking. I'm an art expert by profession and I work for art dealers. Unless I'm very much mistaken this is a rare specimen of a vase of the early Sung Dynasty, one of the most famous of all Chinese periods. It's made of what they call crackled glass, and if what I think is correct it makes it worth a thousand or two."

Erica stood bewildered and staring. A small fortune within Peter's grasp! As if in a dream, she heard herself arranging for Captain Shannon to send a dealer to view and value the vase.

Jennifer was frankly scornful when she heard, next day, what Erica had done. She protested forcibly:

"That'll mean he'll be able to marry Adrienne."

"Yes. That's just what it will mean!"

"Oh, well," said Jennifer, with a strange laugh, "you'll be quite all right. There's Tim over there, and he's been asking to see you. From the way he's been smoking only a bit of his cigarette and then putting it out and lighting a fresh one, drinking his coffee and then asking for another before he's finished, I should say he was a man with a load on his mind. He's probably going to propose."

"You're talking awful rubbish!"

"I'm not. And if he does, you'll be an idiot to—to refuse him." Her voice shook. Erica turned to her in surprise, and suddenly she saw the mask of gay defiance slip from her.

Tim. That was it. Erica saw it. Jennifer, who did all she could to put him off, proud, aloof Jennifer, who went to the other extreme rather than a man should know she cared for him, was in love with Tim.

"Listen, Jen, why don't you talk to Tim for a change?" she said.

"Me?" Jennifer arched her eyebrows. Her eyes held tears. "No, thanks. I don't want to be anybody's substitute." She went out hurriedly.

The bar was almost empty when Tim came and sat the other side of the counter and said, "I want to talk to you, Erica. May I?"

"You know you may."

"I've just got to say something to someone. You see, I'm in love and I've got it rather badly. You'll think I'm a perfect fool, but the truth is I'm afraid to tell her."

"Tell me who it is?" Erica asked.

**"J**ENNIFER." He

gave that rather lovable, sideways grin of his. "I don't think she can stand me."

Suddenly Erica burst into laughter. "Tim, she's a fool—the biggest ever! She's been afraid of showing you how she cares about you. She didn't even let me know till I caught her off her guard. Now she's upstairs in the sitting-room, being miserable because she thinks you're in love—but not with her. Go to her, Tim, and—good luck—"

He snatched her hand and shook it. Then he shot away out of the door.

Erica stood there in the green-and-white bar and watched the clock. It was half an hour before a radiant Tim came down again. He saluted Erica and said: "You'll look lovely as a bridesmaid!"

The next day there came a formal offer for the Sung vase. Erica stood looking at the brief typewritten letter for a long time.

Ironical that, through her, Peter was able to marry Adrienne. She'd have liked to have torn the letter up and have made Adrienne go through all sorts of hardships with Peter. But she knew she wouldn't. The letter was addressed to Peter Revlake, care of Erica Forest. It was Peter's letter and it would have to stay in her possession until Peter had his next day's leave.

It wasn't long before he came. He walked in and swung himself up at the counter.

"Hullo, Erica. I've got six hours' leave so I thought I'd come along and see you."

"It's nice to see you. I've got news. Come along upstairs. I want to show you a letter."

She took the letter from the bureau and handed it to him.

"What about that," she said, "as manna from heaven?"

He read it, blinked, and said, "This man means pence, not pounds."

"He means what he says," Erica stood there with her hands behind her back and a blank, lost look in her eyes.

"If you only knew!" Peter cried.

"This vase means heaven!"

"Does it mean so much to you?"

He took a step forward. Now he was near her; terribly, achingly near.

"Have you ever heard of a thing called love? His voice was so tender it turned her heart over. But her reason warned her.

"Of course. You and Adrienne—"

Peter shook his head. "She didn't want to marry a man without any money. My father's thousands made such a difference."

"Oh, Peter, I am so sorry!"

"I thought I was, too. But I'm not. You see, it takes time to know people. I got engaged to Adrienne only a few days after I'd met her. It was her beauty that attracted me, but that was all there was to it. I found that love was something deeper than anything I'd felt for her. It was something I felt for someone else—"

"And—and that 'someone else'?"

"Darling heart, you know quite well. You just want me to say—"

"Say it then, Peter."

"I love you."

A wild joy filled her. Peter was right. There was heaven in the Sung vase; heaven for her.

(Copyright)



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you use Bon Ami!"**

Yes—even the children find bath cleaning easy with Bon Ami. For Bon Ami cleans quickly and thoroughly without a lot of hard rubbing. What's more, it's a really safe cleanser. Contains no harsh caustics, or gritty ingredients. As a result—Bon Ami doesn't scratch or dull porcelain—but leaves it with a smooth, glossy polish. Try it also for pots and pans, stoves, kitchen sinks etc.

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saves time  
and work



"hasn't scratched yet!"

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Nothing but an internal remedy can  
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everywhere sell it with this guarantee.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.



## *Fashion triumph for* **AUSTRALIAN WOOLLENS**

**M**OST important fashion news for autumn is the win scored by Australian woollens and Australian designers.

Facing the challenge of import restrictions, manufacturers and designers have revolutionised woollen fabrics. Every last trace of stodginess has gone, and woollens of the softest, most luxurious textures are presented in the loveliest shades.

A rare wealth of designs, too... supplemented by exclusive hand-blocked, hand-woven lengths which rival the famous weaves of British vintage.

There is cause for national satisfaction in this... exchange saved... employment increased... and a long step along the road of developing Australia's natural fashion resources and the talents of her brilliant young fashion designers.

Among the latter is Mavis Ripper, of Melbourne, who designed the suit photographed on this page.

More of Mavis Ripper's frocks are on pages 28 and 29 and a little about Miss Ripper herself on page 32.



● A Mavis Ripper suit in Australian wool, featuring popular new, long jacket. A natural color photograph by Robert Cleland, Australian Women's Weekly photographer.



## SILHOUETTE INTEREST

... by day and night



• An ethereal froth of white marquisette with a quaint Old-World neckline and soft fullness nipped in at the waist with a broad cummerbund. (Left.)

• A slim skirt in orange, yellow, and cinnamon plaid topped with a longish, tubular jacket in cinnamon, with whopping plaid pockets. (Right.)

• Town frock of aqua silk crepe spotted in white. The fullness is cleverly set into a plain yoke and the waist is accented with a fuchsia belt. (Below.)



• The Puritan influence returns with a fetching little frock of black crepe with gathered bodice and slender skirt. Starched white pique accents. (Left.)

• The ever-smart, ever-flattering shirt-waist style goes formal in ivory chiffon with cute, flapped pockets and a row of tiny gold filigree buttons. (Right.)



Reiner



# IN *Defence* OF GLAMOUR



A dashing, militant salute to the high-spirited courage of women in war-time. Grenadier Red is superbly in tune with the latest fashions and in step with the times.

## GRENADIER RED



LIPSTICK BY  
*paul Duval*  
THE SMARTEST ON PARADE



**SAVE ON LIPSTICK  
AND SAVE METAL FOR MUNITIONS**

How to economise and at the same time make a worthwhile contribution to Australia's war effort! Buy economy refills in the smart new cradled cartons for your Paul Duval lipstick. It will cut costs almost in half and at the same time save valuable metal for munitions!

*Refills only*  
**1/9, 2/9 and 3/9**



**2/9, 3/9 and 5/9**

You'll find Grenadier Red lustrous, long-lasting and indelible as can be. Other glamorous Paul Duval lipsticks for 1941 are Daredevil, Cockade, Safari Tan, Scarlet Pimpernel, Vintage.

Matching Rouge at 2/6 and 3/6, and these lovely blended standard Powders at 3/6 per box are also available:

**RACHEL FENCE    SAFARI TAN**  
**SPANISH OLIVE    PECHE**

**PAUL DUVAL PERSONALISED COSMETICS NOW  
AVAILABLE AT EXCLUSIVE STORES AND ALL  
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Powder Blending Bars also at: David Jones Ltd., Sydney; The Myer Emporium Ltd., Melbourne; John Martin & Co. Ltd., Adelaide; Finney Isles & Co. Ltd., Brisbane; Boons Ltd., Perth; Brownells Ltd., Hobart; and at the Paul Duval Salon, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney.

**AN ALL-BRITISH PRODUCT**



# Why shiver to be sleek?

No. 1198, "Kay-Suede" Nightgown,  
with hand-painted waist-band, 19/11.

No. 1185,  
"Kay-Suede"  
Pyjamas, 16/11

No. 160, Vest — No. 150,  
Knickers—both wool-and-silk.  
Each, 4/11.

Guard your slender silhouette and glowing good looks with slim-fitting Kayser Warmees. They triumph over winter's worst! Wool... silk-and-wool... or down-soft cotton... EVERY Kayser garment is pretty as a picture, tailored to perfection, gives "warmth-without-bulk" for cold-weather charm. Cosy vests, knickers and bloomers to cherish you by day... elegant nightgowns and dashing pyjamas for bedtime bliss. And how these glamorous Warmees wash and wear!

BE SLENDER in  
the gorgeous new

## KAYSER

# Warmees

REG.



DON'T GET WILD WITH YOUR WOOLIES—  
they won't, WON'T, WON'T shrink

if they're **KAYSER K-Shrunk**

Kayser is in the headlines with an amazing new process — "K-Shrunk." It makes wool, and silk-and-wool, lingerie absolutely unshrinkable. WASH THEM HOW YOU PLEASE. Tests have proved that even when boiled for hours, "K-Shrunk" garments

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EVERY GARMENT CARRIES THE KAYSER GUARANTEE

No. 1180...  
"Lylanese"  
Pyjamas, 17/11

No. 1171,  
"Kay-Suede"  
Dressing  
Jacket, 9/11.

Definitely  
I'M A ONE BRAND  
WOMAN NOW!



# NEW FELTS . . . *spiked with whimsy*



• Lilly Dache's utterly frivolous little pill-box in pastel-pink felt laden with up-shooting feathers in pastel tints and a shower of pink veiling. (Top left.)

• A rambling spray of deep-red roses is banked high against the upturned brim of this halo-bonnet of emerald-green felt. Perfect foil for furs. (Top right.)

• Simple face-flattering hat of black felt with high-soaring crown speared with a huge argus quill. (Centre.)

• Inspired by Brigham Young's topper—a mannish tailored hat in brown felt with curled brim lined with beige felt. (Left.)



# Eyes turn to admire

## THE WOMAN OF GLAMOROUS LINE

The most flattering thing you wear is something people never see—the foundation that gives your frocks line.

Begin your fashion-quest at the beginning. Choose your new foundation first—a Berlei designed especially for **your** figure. Then you'll step out looking your best, feeling your best, knowing you're "tops" in style and glamour!

Leading stores are showing  
Berlei's Autumn Range now.



Sketch at right shows another view of garment above.

Princess Youth is exclusive to Berlei

"Princess Youth" Controlette that slims and trims your waist without uncomfortable restriction. Modern uplift bust-line—low backline. In fancy batiste, lined with cool broadcloth. Sizes 30-35. 23/6.

Hand-painted floral sprays decorate this "Panel Art" Controlette. Satin front, "power net" two-way stretch side panels, up-and-down stretch back panel. The bust cups and the underarm yoke are of net. Sizes 30-35.

### "Romantic" Gothic

Brassieres keep their shape and come up smiling after washing. Patented "Cordtex" underlifts in the bust cups. Sizes 32-38.

At right: Satin Brassiere that comes down over the diaphragm. Cleverly shaped for bust control. Satin Brassieres from 3/11.

Front-facing Corset that flattens the tummy, smooths the hips and thighs. Firmly boned throughout. Elastic side sections for waist-control. Sizes 25-32.

### HOLLYWOOD MAXWELL

Brassieres are worn by Paramount film stars. They're revolutionary in their exquisite emphasis of the high, youthful line. "Whirlpool" stitching over net does the trick in this model.

UNDERLINE YOUR ALLURE WITH A

# NEW Berlei

THE FOUNDATION OF BEAUTY AND FASHION



# SUITS . . from the London shows

Story and pictures airmailed by  
MARY ST. CLAIRE

- The latest suits show a brand new treatment. Still impeccably tailored they have a gayer, more casual air than ever before.

**W**OMEN in uniform seem to dominate every party these days no matter whether it is a lunch at the Carlton or buns and coffee at the local teashop, with the result that the rest of us find that our own everyday styles under the influence of uniform dressing are becoming much plainer and more utilitarian.

The truth is that the fussily-dressed woman looks out of place to-day, while her sister, in a well-tailored suit or frock and short jacket, seems correct from dawn till dusk.

This season the Matita salons have sponsored outside checks and stripes,



• Youthful Dorville suit with pleated skirt. Done in brick-red tweed with fine black stripe.



• Matita top, a slim skirt of wine wool jersey with a sleekly-tailored cardigan-jacket boldly striped in wine, light grey, and white.



• Paquin delves into history and makes a trim little suit in the traditional Welsh petticoat flannel—scarlet striped with black. The jacket is fastened with buttons made to represent whortleberries, from which the scarlet dye is produced.

with the most attractive results; for, while outlines are plain to conform to one's new ideas of neatness, the colors run riot and keep us from becoming humdrum and commonplace.

Box-pleated skirts are very fashionable for both town and country, though to be really smart they should be quite an inch shorter than any other type of skirt.

"An inch on the skirt and a half-inch on the sleeve can wreck a whole ensemble," says couturier Teddy Tilling. "So many girls seem to want their suit sleeves to end at their knuckles instead of at their wrists."

The success of a suit so often depends on the accessories worn with it. Navy-blue and black suits can be brightened by accessories and blouses in almost any color, while, with brown, pumpkin-yellow, jade, and primrose are the favorite shades this year. Reddish suits are being worn with beige or grey accessories, while dark green is being combined with wine, mauve, old gold and bronze.

"Sugar-almond" pink is one of the favorite colors with black. It is just the shade of the sweets, and is, therefore, a slightly mauvy-pink.

The sensation of Paquin's mid-season collection is Mosca's use of Welsh flannel.

When Mosca arrived from Paris to shepherd the London salon of Paquin through these difficult days, she wanted "something different" for her first London collection.

Someone suggested the Welsh flannels, which generations of Welsh miners have used for their shirts and every housewife in the Welsh villages wears for skirts and petticoats.

So the first model shown at the Paquin collection was in the traditional red and black striped petticoat flannel.

How Mosca treated this slightly rough and tweedy flannel is shown in the picture above. On the new skirt-and-jumper lines, the striping runs horizontally round the plain skirt and on the yoke and front of the waistcoat bodice.

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authentic  
NATIONAL SURVEY  
conducted  
among thousands  
of dentists

## IPANA CHOSEN 3 TO 1 OVER ANY OTHER DENTIFRICE FOR DENTISTS' OWN USE!



Professional Survey reveals three times as many dentists personally use Ipana as any other dentifrice! Let Ipana and massage help you to healthier gums, brighter teeth!

**W**HAT an inspiring vote of confidence in Ipana from those who know most about the proper care of teeth and gums!

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SEE YOUR DENTIST at least twice a year to enable him to discover and check any unsuspected dental defects.

**HELP MAKE GUMS FIRMER, TEETH BRIGHTER, WITH IPANA AND MASSAGE!**



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## Models from the Mavis Ripper Collection



THESE gowns and the beautiful evening frock on the opposite page are from a collection by the gifted Melbourne fashion creator, Mavis Ripper.

Woollens used on this page are Australian hand-woven to Miss Ripper's design.

□ □

● Like a Victorian portrait—richly gleaming slipper satin in a luscious shade of oyster-grey. The mile-wide skirt flows out from a briefly-fitting little bodice lavishly embroidered with chalk-white paillettes. Shoulders are primly covered up with folds of satin. (Left.)

□ □

● A royal-blue wool frock with a pleated skirt swinging from a long-torso bodice teams enchantingly with a hand-woven tweed saunter coat in blue and white with a faint sprinkling of multi-colored flecks. (Bottom right.)



● Two young fashionables in stunning topcoats made from Australian woollens. One lass favors the saunter silhouette interpreted in rich plaid tweed with plain burgundy panels. The other tops a simple yellow wool frock with a luxurious brown wool coat collared in swirls of dyed fox. (Above.)





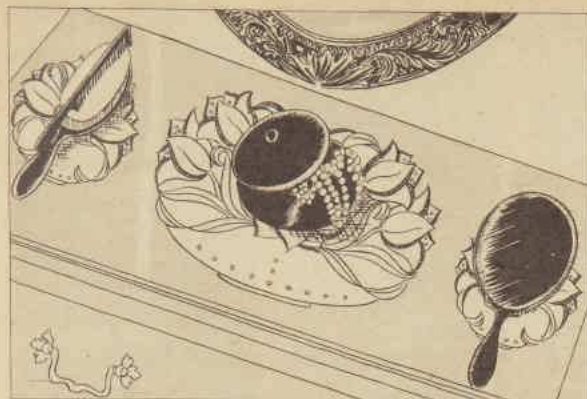


**NEW BRILLIANCE**  
**... for Australian woollens**

• The glorious splashy floral design of this hand-woven sheer wool provides the perfect foil for the classically simple evening frock designed by Mavis Ripper.

The slimly-moulded bodice features the long torso line, and the flowing skirt is dramatically draped to one side and hangs in soft folds.





IN YOUR RUSH of war work you will find it a grand relaxation to have a little embroidery work on hand . . . and you will be thrilled at the new charm this set will bring to your bedroom.

AT THE RIGHT is a sketch of the delightful tulip design used on our duchesse set. Send now to our Needlework Department and obtain your set.

#### SEND TO THIS ADDRESS!

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## MORLEY "VELNIT" Underwear

"Velnit"—Morley's exclusive new wonder fabric has the softness and absorbency of wool, the lightness of cotton, and the smoothness of silk. Yet it is entirely different from either ordinary wool, cotton, or silk. "Velnit" is ideal for sensitive skins.

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AT ALL LEADING STORES

## TULIP SET ... new and dainty

- A riot of tulips blossoming on a ground of sheer linen is guaranteed to bring new charm to your dressing-table.

DESPITE the expensive air of this duchesse set, only the simplest stitches are used, and though it will take you only a few hours to make it is guaranteed to work miracles for your bedroom.

It is now on sale at our

Needlework Department, and is traced on super-quality sheer linen in lovely delicate shades, including cream, green, blue, lemon, salmon-pink, and white.

The centre mat measures 12 x 18 inches, and the two smaller mats are 8 inches

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

square. The only stitches used in the embroidery are stem-stitch and buttonhole-stitch, the entire edge being buttonholed and cut off after working.

A wide range of shades in Anchor stranded cottons are also obtainable from the Needlework Department at 2/6 per skein.

The complete set is yours for 2/9, plus 2d. postage, or the mats may be purchased individually. The centre mat is 1/6, plus 1d. postage, and the small mats 1/- each, plus 1d. postage.



## Dainty smocked frock



F2093

F2093.—This charming little frock will be made up in georgette for party occasions, but will look equally sweet in kabe silk or linora for everyday wear.

- An adorable party frock to make your young daughter look as pretty as a picture. Designed for little girls of 2 to 8 years. Available now at our Needlework Department traced ready for working on georgette, linora, or kabe silk.

## TRIM SUIT FOR JUNIOR

At last we have discovered the perfect suit for small boys—it looks equally smart for school or playtime, and young things will love it for its free and easy comfort. It is obtainable now from our Needlework Department, traced on kabe silk, linora, and winceyette.

The kabe silk is available in white only, but linora offers an attractive range of shades, including cream, blue, pink, green, and lemon, and the winceyette is available in white, cream, lemon, blue, pink, and green.

The suit consists of shirt and trousers. The shirt features long sleeves and clever yoke with gathered fullness and small Peter Pan collar to finish. The trousers are tailored, and fit impeccably.

Sizes 1 to 2 years: Kabe, white only, 4/3, plus 2d. postage.

Linora (in shades stated), 3/6, plus 2d. postage.

Winceyette (in shades stated), 3/6, plus 2d. postage.

Sizes 2 to 4 years: Kabe, white, 4/9, plus 2d. postage. Linora, 3/11, plus 2d. postage. Winceyette, 3/11, plus 2d. postage.

A paper pattern may also be obtained for same design for 1/- each, and transfer 1/- extra.



F2092

F2092.—An easy-to-make style that is smart for all seasons.

Beauty...  
born in a Cyclone

Dip your fingers in "Air-Spun" Face Powder . . . it feels as if you had dipped your hand in a cloud! Smooth "Air-Spun" on your face . . . the texture seems to melt onto your skin . . . new, fresher coloring blooms in your complexion! These flatteries were born in racing streams of air! Coty creates artificial "cyclones" to buff texture, blend shades to new delicacy! Only one powder in all the world is made this dramatic way! Try it!

AIR-SPUN COTY  
FACE POWDER

ORIGAN AIMANT PARIS

10 flattering shades, 6 delightful perfumes.



# AUTUMN ACCLAIMS WOOL

FOR THE  
WINTER  
WARDROBE



Wool takes first place for My Lady's wardrobe this Winter. Fabrics of sheer loveliness and beauty have been produced by our mills. Style creators have designed for the coming Season a glorious range of glamorous, graceful, costumes, ensembles for dances, dinner, day wear, and others again for all occasions.

Wool is high fashion; it retains its smart, dignified appearance under all conditions, and of course is economical. During 1941 it is wool for everyone, and retailers will, from now on, be displaying the latest creations.

ILLUSTRATIONS SHOW—  
Left. Dinner dress designed by CRESTA. In soft fine wool printed fabrics.  
Centre. One piece woolknit outfit of soft texture. Released by Bureau of Fashion Trends.  
Right. Model in black wool by VICTOR STIEREL.

★ Wool is High Fashion  
★ Wool Drapes Gracefully  
★ Wool is Slenderising  
★ Wool Flatters the Figure

Inserted by the AUSTRALIAN WOOL BOARD



# Chads

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"TRIMLINE" ECONOMY FASHIONS  
AT "LOWER THAN RETAIL" PRICES

WW3. — Dressy little afternoon halo in veloured wool felt with matching ribbon band. 22 to 23" head fittings in black, navy, beige, brown, royal, grey and blue.

Priced at **5/11**



WW4. — You must have a striped grey suit this winter —tailored in men's worsted suiting, immaculately cut with wide revers and pleated skirt. Grey pencil stripe only. In XSSW, SSW, SW, W, WX, SOS, OS fittings. Price:

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Chads Fashion Post will be sent free of charge on request. A 36-page catalogue giving you Australia's finest fashion values at "lower than retail" prices.

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Address: Stafford House, 263 Castlereagh Street, Sydney

## A talk about our fashion future...

By MAVIS RIPPER



MISS MAVIS RIPPER, clever Australian fashion designer.  
—Russell Roberts photo.

● Restriction on importation of overseas fashions has acted as a stimulus to Australian designers.

An Australian tradition in design, as distinctive as that of Paris, London or America, is rapidly being established.

This does not surprise me, for I have always believed that we could make Australia a fashion centre.

MAVIS RIPPER made a special study of sewing at school, and studied drawing and design at the Melbourne Art Gallery and Melbourne Technical School.

She was already an influence in the Australian fashion world at an age when most girls are still trying to choose a career.

When she was 17 she opened a shop in Collins Street, Melbourne, and later moved into larger premises where she employed a staff of 50 girls.

Her salon was later bought by a big department store, where she played a large part in organising and designing fashion parades.

Mavis Ripper designed clothes for Cinesound productions for three years.

WE have the designers, the artists, the manufacturers and the craftsmen, and our own individual type of woman to wear the fashions they create.

The only thing that has delayed us is our habit of echoing the overseas fashion centres, a habit we are beginning to overcome.

Australian fashion will continue to be influenced by overseas design, but we can lead the world in branches of fashion that are specifically suited to our climate, our natural resources, and our way of living.

We are just beginning, for instance, to show the world what we can do with our wool.

The materials and designs being produced by our woollen manufacturers now are better than anything I have ever seen from any other part of the world.

I think the branch of fashion in which we will excel is in casual clothes—sports and outdoor clothes, the simple little dinner-cinema frock, and the light, simple frocks our girls look so nice in in the summer-time.

We will give these casual clothes an importance to rank with England's tailored tradition and the draped elegance of Paris, by creating a simplicity of line and a more courageous use of color, and becoming generally better groomed than we are at present.

### More exciting

WOOL, especially in the lightweight materials now being produced, is more suitable to our changeable climate and our utilitarian needs than any other material.

Accessories being made here today can more than hold their own in originality and craftsmanship with anything from overseas.

One advantage about an Australian tradition in fashion is that it will be more exciting.

Until recently we have known six months or a year beforehand—from the advance dress shows in London, Paris, and New York—what our clothes are going to be like next season.

Creating fashions for ourselves will make each season's collections a complete surprise which will be stimulating to both designers and the women who wear our creations.

Already there is evidence of this in the clothes that have been designed this season based on world events of special significance to Australia—the influence of burnished colors from the Middle East and the use of the lovely classic line from Greece.



Black Suede



Beautiful  
**BEDGGOOD**  
Suedes

Be in the fashion  
with suedes... You  
will see such suedes  
as these worn by all  
the smartest women  
in town.



Black Suede  
multiple fittings



Wall toe in  
Black, Navy, Brown  
or Grey

Bedgood Friendly Footwear



## IMPORTANT FUR ACCENTS

Clever new ways to introduce fur trims—  
sent from New York and sketched by PETROV



• An elaborately casual evening jacket in gleaming gold lame with revers, pocket flaps and girdle in brown ermine.



• A quaintly Victorian jacket of sleek black cloth with a deep, flared peplum of Persian lamb to match up with the rolled collar and outsize muff.



• A simple coat of light gold woolen spiced with a leopard—midriff, buttons and accessories.

• A nonchalant swagger—coat of black velour cloth with wide cuffs and eye-catching front panels of ocelot.



**JUDY'S OFF TO BED AGAIN WITHOUT LUXING US...**

NO WONDER SHE ISN'T POPULAR THESE DAYS

WE CAN'T HELP OFFENDING TOMORROW... AND PERSPIRATION ODOUR IN UNDIES IS UNFORGIVABLE!

Check up on daintiness—  
are you a **LUX**  
**CHANGE DAILY**  
**GIRL?**

WEAR SWEET, FRESH UNDIES EVERY DAY...AND **LUX** THEM AT BEDTIME. GENTLE **LUX** WHISKS OUT PERSPIRATION...KEEPS YOUR UNDIES AT THEIR PRETTIEST

Lux saves  
stocking  
ladders, too—  
Does not contain  
soda



A LEVER PRODUCT

P E T R O V

5.539.19



YOU SAID: "It must have  
the finest, softest texture  
of all"



so we made this **Powder**  
to your order!



We wanted to give you the sort of face powder you've always wanted. The face powder that has everything, not just this, or that, feature. So, we asked thousands of Australian women to tell us what features they wanted most in their face powder. We found out that these four features are the most important to all women: **1.** A powder with the softest, finest texture. **2.** A powder that really clings for hours and hours. **3.** A glare-proof powder that flatters the skin under the sun or under the electric light. **4.** A powder that gives you a really wide choice of skin tones. So, here's Pond's Face Powder—the powder that gives you all these four points—and more. Made by the makers of Pond's famous creams.

**POND'S FACE POWDER**  
*New and Improved*

Choose your shade from the wide range  
at your local chemist or store.



# Fashion PATTERNS



F3203.—Full skirt contrasting with a slender, long-torso bodice. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½ yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern 1/7.

F3223.—Clever contrast effect in a smart frock-coat. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 1½ yds. dark and 1 yd. light, 54ins. wide. Pattern 1/7.

F3222.—Simple day frock with full skirt flowing from a shaped cummerbund. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½ yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern 1/7.

F1042.—Trim, pleated frock for school. 6 to 12 years. Requires 2½ to 3 yds., 36ins. wide, and ¼ yd. contrast. Pattern 1/4.

F3218.—Sapling-slim suit with long, pocketed jacket. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½ yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern 1/7.

F3201.—Ideal for business girls—a classic little frock with swathed hipline. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½ yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern 1/7.

F2091.—Dramatic evening gown with front fullness. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 5½ to 6½ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/10.



## SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

AMERICAN-INSPIRED costs for the season ahead. Sizes, 32, 34, 36-inch bust. No. 1 Requires 2½ yds., 54ins. wide. No. 2 Requires 2½ yds., 54ins. wide.

## CONCESSION COUPON

Available for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 3d. extra.  
Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State as under:  
Box 288A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
Box 188, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
Box 185, G.P.O., Perth.  
Box 491G, G.P.O., Sydney.  
Box 408EW, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z.)  
Tasmania: Box 145, G.P.O., Melbourne. N.Z. Box 408EW, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z.)  
Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.  
PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ SUBURB \_\_\_\_\_ SIZE \_\_\_\_\_  
STREET \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ Pattern Coupon, 29/3/41  
TOWN \_\_\_\_\_

## Please note!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: \* Write your name and full address in block letters. \* Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. \* State size required. \* For children, state age of child. \* Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



# THERE NEVER WAS ANY GIRL BUT YOU

LOOK AT BOB OVER THERE WITH MARIE. YOU'D NEVER THINK HE WAS ENGAGED TO GWEN! HE'S HARDLY BEEN NEAR HER

POOR GWEN! I CAN'T HELP FEELING SORRY FOR HER EVEN THOUGH IT IS HER OWN FAULT

THEY SAID IT WAS MY FAULT THAT BOB DOESN'T CARE FOR ME ANY MORE! ANYONE WOULD THINK THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG WITH ME, AUNTIE—'B.O.' OR SOMETHING

WELL, YOU CAN EASILY MAKE SURE YOU HAVEN'T GOT THAT DEAR BY USING LIFEBOUY EVERY DAY.

WHAT A STRANGE THING FOR AUNTIE TO SAY—JUST AS IF I DID HAVE 'B.O.' ANYWAY, IT'S BETTER TO USE LIFEBOUY—JUST IN CASE

'B.O.' GONE — friends again

WON'T YOU BELIEVE ME, GWENNY DEAR? THERE NEVER WAS ANY GIRL BUT YOU WHO REALLY MATTERED.

I DO FORGIVE HIM, BUT I'LL MAKE SURE THAT I'M ALWAYS THE ONLY GIRL I'LL KEEP DAINTY WITH LIFEBOUY

**LIFEBOUY**  
—the only soap specially made to prevent "B.O."

Don't make the mistake of thinking that just any soap can stop "B.O." For none other has Lifebuoy's gentle health ingredient. That mild creamy lather washes all stickiness away—leaves you fresh, dainty, sure of yourself. And remember, you get a big, generous cake of Lifebuoy for your money!

**LIFEBOUY** its clean fragrance vanishes  
... its protection remains

A LEVER PRODUCT

2.594.1WW

# Rinso

NOW in  
2 SIZES



The big  
generous size  
... famous throughout  
Australia



And now the  
**NEW  
GIANT SIZE**  
Twice the quantity  
for less than twice  
the price



HERE YOU ARE, LADIES! YOU CAN BUY **RINSO** IN TWO SIZES NOW.

I'LL TAKE THE NEW GIANT SIZE. YOU GET EXTRA FOR YOUR MONEY.

ME TOO! I USE RINSO'S THICKER, RICHER SUDS FOR EVERYTHING... WHITER WHITES, BRIGHTER COLOURS, SILKS AND WOOLLIES, TOO.

Rinso's richer suds for  
a brighter wash ...

You'll find Rinso's suds are richer ... longer-lasting. And so gentle, they're just as safe for flimsy silks and precious woollies as your sheets! Use Rinso alone for your whole wash ... no extras to add.

A LEVER PRODUCT

4.384.1WW



# SET TO SUIT YOUR FACE

By JANETTE,  
our beauty expert

Below one girl's hair is dressed in four variations of the popular up-in-front, down-at-back style, to suit faces of different shapes. Notice how the four styles accentuate different parts of the contour and correct faults.



**PEAR-SHAPED FACE.** This style adds width to the forehead and takes it away from the broad chin.



**LONG FACE.** Hair is arranged to give width and softness to the face and add no extra height.



**ROUND FACE.** Three big curls add height while side hair is drawn up straight so that no width is added.



**DIAMOND-SHAPED FACE.** Side curls at temples give width to forehead and fluffed out tips widen the chin.

## The Doctor Tells You What to do

**P**ATIENT: Doctor, my little boy has had these little sore blisters on his face for some time. What is wrong with him?

**DOCTOR:** I'm sorry to say your son has impetigo contagiosa. As its name implies, this is very contagious and easily transmitted from one person to another.

All people are susceptible to it, but it affects children more often than adults, and if a case occurs in a school or in some other institution the trouble is likely to spread quickly unless it is controlled at once. Impetigo is characterised by small red pustules which dry into yellow crusts.

It frequently develops on the face, especially about the nose and mouth.

However, it may start on any other part of the body, and if the child scratches the sores he can readily transfer the infection from one part of his body to another.

The raw surfaces which first appear about the size of a pinhead usually enlarge quite quickly, and in a few days are covered with straw-colored crusts.

Fortunately, when these crusts dry and fall off the red area fades away usually without leaving a scar. Possibly fresh crops of sores will continue to appear for some weeks, but if the trouble is properly treated and the sufferer does not spread it himself by scratching or other handling, the infection should clear up in about two weeks.

One attack, however, does not confer immunity against future outbreaks.

Children with impetigo seldom feel ill, and so can be allowed to be

### about IMPETIGO

out and about. They should be encouraged to play outside in the sun and fresh air as much as possible, although they should be kept away from other children, as this particular skin infection is most contagious.

It may be transmitted directly by contact with the sores, or it may be transmitted by indirect contact.

Therefore all articles touched by a person with impetigo should be avoided by other people.

To prevent spreading the infection a child who has impetigo must be kept home from school until all the sores have cleared up, for he may be considered infectious as long as they persist.

The best treatment for impetigo is to cover the sores with pieces of elastic adhesive plaster about an inch square. These should be left on for a week.

The advantage of this treatment is that it is not only curative, but it also prevents the infection from spreading. The skin around the sore should be clean and dry to enable the adhesive to stick.

Before this new treatment was adopted, the sheet-anchor used to be weak ammoniated mercury ointment.

This should be applied only after the crusts have been removed and the skin softened with warm olive oil.

In older children impetigo, though annoying and unpleasant, is not serious.

The variety seen in new-born

babies, however, is more serious, so most hospitals take strict precautions to prevent an outbreak of impetigo.

As soon as a case occurs mother, nurse, and child are isolated.

## For Young Wives and Mothers

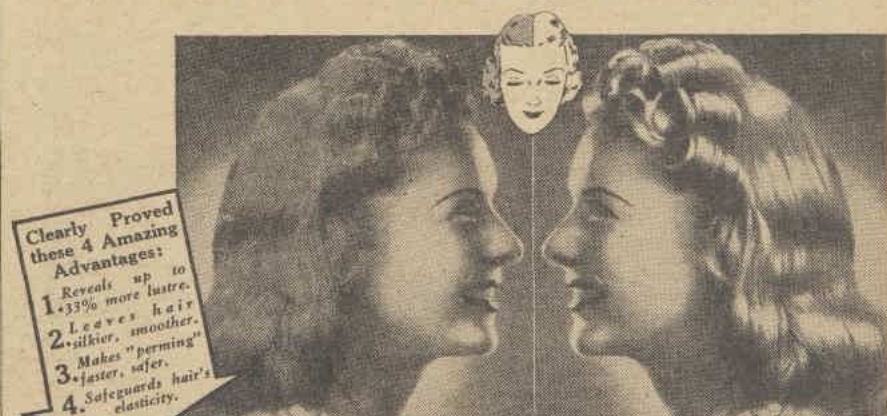
TRUBY KING SYSTEM

"WEAKLING-BORN" BABY

A LEAFLET dealing with the problem of the weak baby has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. A copy will be forwarded free if a request together

with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney. Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

## Amazing HALF-HEAD Tests Prove New Shampoo Glorifies Hair in Safe Thrilling Way.



TESTS SHOW THRILLING DIFFERENCE: LEFT—Illustrates soap-washed side of hair. Hair dulled by "alkali-bum." RIGHT—Colinated side. Hair shining . . . no dulling film.

No other shampoo tested beautified hair so thrillingly — yet left it so easy to handle. Proved safe for hair and scalp.

**D**ON'T wait another day to try this thrilling new shampoo discovery. Scientists have proved its glorifying results by one of the most conclusive tests anyone has ever dared to make on a shampoo.

Like countless thousands of women, you'll thrill to see how it beautifies hair, perhaps more than you ever dreamed possible . . . and helps leave it so easy to handle right after washing.

In unique half-head tests, women have one side of their hair washed with the sensational new Colinated (foam) Shampoo, the other side with a fine soap or powder shampoo. And in every case: 1. The Colinated side was far more lustrous and shining. 2. Felt smoother and silkier. 3. Took better permanent waves faster. 4. Hair retained more "spring"—fell back into more natural curl.

This amazing new shampoo is not a soap, not an oil . . . it's made by the patented "Colinating" process. You can feel the difference the

instant you try it on your hair. Changes in a flash to a rich, magic-cleansing foam—five times more active than alkaline soap lather—and washes away grease, dirt and loose dandruff more completely than anything you've ever known. No lemon or vinegar rinses are needed, for there is no "soap-scurf" or oily residue to remove. One quick water rinse leaves hair sparkling with polished cleanliness!

Do you want your hair to look thrillingly different . . . to become a glistening halo that draws attention and brings compliments? Then, in fairness to your own good looks, make a test yourself—shampoo your hair with Colinated (foam) . . . and thrill to your hair's new loveliness. Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser for a bottle of Colinated (foam) Shampoo (costs less than 4d. a shampoo). Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

Half the hair washed with Colinated foam—the other half with a fine soap or a powder shampoo.



Nothing was used to affect results except the shampoos themselves.



Helps "Perm" Take Faster! In every case, Colinated foam-washed hair requires less steaming time (often as much as 14% less) under the wave machine to take a lovely wave.



Why Hair Glistens After this New Shampoo LEFT—shows left by soap.

## PAIN you can't "explain"

Blessed New Relief for  
Girls who Suffer  
Every Month.

**W**HEN pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along . . . and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and cry . . . why don't you try a couple of Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea.

They bring complete, immediate, safe relief from period pain, headache and sick feeling—without the slightest "doping." Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month—and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind—say Myzone relief is quicker, more lasting than anything else they've known. Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.



"Myzone not only gives great relief, but seems to keep my complexion clear, as I used to get pimples."

Miss M.P.

★ The secret is Myzone's amazing Actovin (anti-spasm) compound. Try Myzone with your next "pain." All chemists.



# THE ADMIRAL: *"Fine chap, informal, full of pep"*

—One of his officers



JOHN HENRY NEWTON, in command of the visiting U.S. Squadron, greets Australia from the deck of the flagship Chicago. Admiral will be as popular with Australians as he is with officers and men of the seven visiting American ships.



# THE GOBS: *"Good on you, buddies, we're glad you're here"*

—A.I.F. bystander



"SO THAT'S YOUR BRIDGE—say, it's swell!" Sailors of the flagship Chicago crane for their first view of Sydney. Within the hour, Sydney and they were buddies. Wherever they went, they were warmly welcomed. Their tour of the town was a goodwill mission from the U.S.A.



## Goodbye to GREYNESS

Banish grey hair in 30 minutes with INECTO. Eighteen shades to match nature's own colours, from deep black to light blonde. Cannot be detected. Will not fade, wash or brush off, soil hats or bed linen. Colours in nature's way, from inside the hair. Consult your hairdresser, or buy from your chemist. Full instructions with each bottle. Buy back ten years of your life with

**INECTO**  
HAIR COLOURING

## VIM

Polishes as it cleans...  
Keeps pots and pans shining

A LIVER PRODUCT

7.102.31

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blocks up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes these good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, stimulating in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/24



## BRONCHIAL COUGH

Sleep Sound All Night...

Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture certainly makes short work of stubborn hang-on coughs and colds that no other cough remedy will budge, according to Mrs. J. F.

She says: "I have had bronchial trouble for some time, and a few weeks ago I caught a heavy cold. I decided to try Buckley's CANADIOL. It relieved me straight away; it is marvellous how it loosened and brought the phlegm away, and stopped the cough. I am now quite well and all soreness has gone."

You can't go wrong on Buckley's—by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzardily cold Canada. It's powerful-acting. The most swift, positive remedy you can get. One or two doses ends a stubborn cough and even the toughest old hang-on coughs leave for good in a day or two. Get a bottle to-day at any chemist or store. A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT

**Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE**

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney

## Above Suspicion

Continued from page 3

"THE idea was Lucerne," (Herring blinked.) "I've an uncle and aunt staying there, and now I feel I'd like to be with someone I know. Of course, I suppose I knew him, but you know what I mean."

"I think," said Herring, "that you are very wise."

By the time they had reached the village, the two were the best of friends. Regarding his charming companion, Herring hovered between excitement and shame. Here was the channel ideal. Yet, to put such a being in peril was nothing less than a crime... The way of the service is hard. Even while the man was recoiling, the spy decided that this girl must serve his turn.

Pate played into his hands. As they came up to the inn the hostess ran out of the door.

"Oh, sir, Hans has come from rail-head, and there is no morning train. Nobody knows the reason, but it has been stopped. The afternoon service is running. The train for Munich will leave at half-past four."

"In that case," said Herring, smiling, "I shall spend another six hours in the country I love. And now please attend to this lady. Her car has broken down, but I shall arrange all that. She would like a nice bath and some breakfast. It is up to us both to show her that the Reich can honor its guest."

The spanner arrived at eleven, and shortly before midday Miss Choate slipped into her seat and started her engine. This responded at once with a steady, confident idle, sweet to the ear.

"You are an angel," said Ariel.

"Are you sure all is well?" said Herring, spanner in hand.

"Better than ever," said Ariel, "thanks entirely to you; I'm only so sorry I never knew you before. You've been simply sweet to me from beginning to end."

Without turning his head the man glanced up and then down the deserted road.

"Will you stop your engine?" he said. "I've something to say."

Her eyes widened a trifle, but Ariel did as he asked.

"For five minutes only," said Herring. "I'm going to pretend that I am at work on your car. Please watch the road behind you as well as ahead, and if you see anyone coming say so at once. Is that quite clear, Miss Choate?"

"Yes," said Ariel, quietly. And then, "There's no one in sight." "Then listen to me," Herring stooped to the bonnet again. "I've been of some service to you. Will you be of some service to me?"

"You know I'd love to"—eagerly.

"You can be of the greatest service if you will do as I say. But, first, you must get hold of this—that I'm not what you think I am. I am as English as you are; only my work lies here."

"Do you mean... you're Secret Service?"

"That's just what I mean," said Herring. "Eyes on the road, my dear. I'm putting my life in your hands."

"It's safe," said the child quickly. "You don't have to tell me that. And now listen very hard. In my coat on the seat by your side are two dispatches which England simply must have. They are most frightfully important, and I cannot get them through. If you will take them to Zurich—"

"You know I will," said Ariel.

"I know you will do your best; but I want you to understand that you will be risking your life. If these papers were found upon you, you'd never see England again."

"And what about you?"

"That's beside the point. This sort of thing is my job. But listen. The moment you get to Zurich, drive to a good hotel and ring up Mr. Henty of Belvoir Platz. He is an English surgeon. Give your name and address and say you were advised to consult him by a Mrs. Arthur Malone. Now will you repeat that, please?"

The girl repeated his instructions and Herring went on.

"He will then make arrangements to see you without delay; and the moment you two are alone, give him the two dispatches and tell him that you have brought them for 'Number 72.' Add that they're simply vital and that 'Carrier Pigeon 8' has broken down. Will you repeat this, please?"

Again the girl repeated what he had said.

"Very good," said Herring. "And now take the papers out. There's a wad in each breast-pocket, inside the coat... Got them? Right. You'll have to carry them on you. How about that?"

After a short struggle—

"Auf wiedersehen, Miss Choate."

"That's right. And I'll call you George. I can't bear leaving you. George. It is so awful to think of your being alone. Alone in your shop in Munich."

She put out a little hand and George caught it in both of his.

"God bless you, sweetheart," he breathed. "Remember me in your dreams. I'll never forget you—never. Or how you pulled my chestnuts out of the fire. He bent his head and kissed her. "And here's the village coming. Stand by for a formal parting. I know you'll play up."

Then he was out of the car and the door was shut.

"Auf wiedersehen, Miss Choate."

## The News in English

Continued from page 5

"HE won't be broadcasting." Very soon now she could turn on his mother in triumph and say—there, I knew it all the time, my husband's a hero.

"That was last night."

"He won't be broadcasting again."

"What do you mean? Turn it on and let me hear."

There was no harm in proving that she knew—she turned it on.

A voice was talking in German—something about an accident and English lies, she didn't bother to listen. She felt too happy. "There," she said, "I told you. It's not David."

And then David spoke.

He said, "You have been listening to the actual voices of the men your English broadcasters have told you were shot by the German police. Perhaps now you will be less inclined to believe the exaggerated stories you hear of life inside Germany to-day."

"There," old Mrs. Bishop said, "I told you."

And all the world, she thought, will go on telling me now, for ever... Dr. Funkhole. He didn't get those messages. He's there for keeps. David's voice said with curious haste and harshness: "The fact of the matter is—"

He spoke rapidly for about two minutes as if he were afraid they would fade him at any moment, and yet it sounded harmless enough—the old stories about plentiful food

and how much you could buy for an English pound—figures.

But some of the examples this time, she thought with dread, are surely so fantastic that even the German brain will realise something is wrong. How had he ever dared to show up this copy to his chiefs?

She could hardly keep pace with her pencil, so rapidly did he speak. The words grouped themselves on her pad: "Five U's refuelling bodie noon 52.23 by 10.5. News reliable source Wesel so returned. Talk unauthorized. The end."

"This order. Many young wives I feel enjoy giving one"—he hesitated—"one day's butter in every dozen..." the voice faded, gave out altogether. She saw on her pad: "To my wife, goodbye d..."

The end, good-bye, the end... the words rang on like funeral bells. She began to cry, sitting as she had done before, close up against the radio set. Old Mrs. Bishop said with a kind of delight: "He ought never to have been born. I never wanted him. The coward," and now Mrs. Bishop could stand no more of it.

"Oh," she cried to her mother-in-law across the little over-heated, over-furnished Crowborough room, "if only he were a coward, if only he were. But he's a hero, a hero, a hero..." she cried hopelessly on, feeling the room reel round her, and dimly supposing behind all the pain and horror that one day she would have to feel, like other women, pride,

(Copyright)

## WHAT'S the ANSWER?

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS:

1—"They shall not grow old as we that are left grow old." Such familiar lines, but who wrote them?

Kipling — Rupert Brooke — Whitler — McCrae — Laurence Binyon.

2—Heavy responsibility fell lately on G. W. Rendel, seeing that he was

Representation of the Free French movement in Eritrea — British Ambassador to Tokio — Leader of the U.S. Senate in the debate on the Lease-or-Lend Bill — British Minister to Sofia.

3—You mustn't do it—that'd be cheating—but if you placed one of our shillings on one of our half-pennies, you would find that the shilling is

Slightly larger—slightly smaller —exactly the same size.

4—Having studied your first aid assiduously, you now know that the parietal bones are in the

Head — foot — chest — hand — spine.

5—That quaintest of all Australians, the platypus, is

A marsupial—not a marsupial.

6—Which month last year did Winston Churchill become Prime Minister of Britain?

March — April — May — June — July.

7—The larger of these two R.A.A.F. units is the

Group — flight.

8—This should be tossed off very quickly. Ebony is a kind of

Wood — stone — metal — mineral — fossil.

9—Long ago, the ancients called it Byzantium. Later we learned it as Constantinople, but nowadays it's known as

Iraq — Iran — Ankara — Istanbul.

10—These letters "E. and O.E." appearing on a document, stand for Extras and orders enclosed—eggs and onions extra—errors and omissions excepted—erection and ownership effected.

Answers on page 44

He raised his hat in the air. "I hope you will have a good journey. I will return the spanner this afternoon."

Henty heard Ariel out with a hand to his mouth. Then he picked up the two dispatches and slipped them into a drawer. "Never thought I'd see those," he said.

"He said they were urgent," said Ariel.

The other nodded. "They'll be in Whitehall to-morrow before mid-day." He hesitated, biting his lip. "You say he was leaving for Munich this afternoon?"

"That's right."

"Did anyone else know that?"

"Oh, yes. The inn people knew it. He was to drive to the station and take the afternoon train."

The surgeon left his chair and began to pace up and down. "And he met you quite openly?"

"Good heavens, yes. We walked to the village and back on the crown of the road."

There was a little silence. Then—"I can hardly believe it," said the surgeon, "but it seems that for once the Boche had been late off the mark."

"What on earth do you mean?" said the girl.

Please turn to page 42

Community Plate "Forever" design. The makers recommend Silvo for your silver.



**SILVO**  
LIQUID SILVER POLISH



## BEAUTY DISCOVERY IN NEW CREAM



DOROTHY  
LEYLAND  
gives her story

A scientist made a discovery, and out of that discovery came an entirely new type of skin cream—the first and only one of its kind... **SKIN DEEP!** This marvellous new non-alkaline cream beautifies your skin almost overnight... leaves it fresh and clear, soft, young as it was at seventeen!

### Non-Alkaline Cream Essential

Even the first time you use Skin Deep you'll be delighted by a feeling of freshness and coolness that no other cream has ever brought to your skin. For Skin Deep is the result of the recent scientific discovery that your skin needs a non-alkaline cream.

### Absorbed by the Skin 87% More

Unlike other creams, Skin Deep does not stay on the surface but actually goes *skin deep*. It refreshes the underlying tissues by replacing vital moisture and leaves your skin young, supple, appealing. Do guard against the ageing, coarsening effect of our Australian climate by using Skin Deep faithfully every night. It's lovely to use and doesn't leave your face greasy!



**Skin Deep**

Atkinsons... London... Sydney

A.10.32

## Sleepless?

Build up your Nerves with these Concentrated Tonic Tablets, and Sleep Sound each Night.

Throw away those pills and draughts you have been taking to make you sleep. They only dope the system temporarily... make matters worse in the end. Get at the cause of your sleepless nights—weak, run-down nerves. What you need is a short course of Phosphorated Iron—a scientific combination of organic iron, phosphorus and other special nerve-tonic elements concentrated in easy-to-take tablets. Phosphorated Iron restores, calms and strengthens weak, frayed and highly-strung nerves. Quickly builds fresh reserves of nerve force. Soon you will feel stronger, eat better, and once more enjoy restful relaxed sleep. Decide now to build up your nerves and end the worry and torture of sleepless nights, this safe, positive way. Ask your chemist to-day for Phosphorated Iron.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

### Overworked EYES

A drop of Murine in each eye night and morning—is the modern way to cleanse, soothe, refresh. Murine's six extra ingredients wash away all irritation and strain. Ask your chemist...

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney

## MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES

# Women also Serve..



MRS. M. McRAE (left) and Mrs. E. Martelli, two of the Sydney voluntary workers who are making camouflage nets at the National Defence League rooms.

RIGHT: Completely covered in a net, a British Army sniper on duty during manoeuvres in England presents a weird appearance. He presents a most difficult target.



## Camouflage nets for army

Voluntary workers have come to the aid of the Commonwealth Government in making camouflage nets, vital equipment in modern defence.

The Government is supplying the necessary twine and rope, and the National Defence League has offered to supply the work and organisation for making nets for the Army and Air Force.

BY voluntary labor the total cost is a fraction of the amount it would be under contract, and military authorities agree that hand-made nets are superior to any made by machine.

Cost of materials alone for these nets is high. Twine costs 4/6 per pound. The smaller size nets, 14 feet square, require more than four pounds of twine; the larger nets, 24 feet square, need ten pounds of twine.

An unspecified but enormous number of nets is needed. Already the National Defence League has an average of 50 voluntary workers per day making nets in Sydney, and plans are under way for the extension of the effort to other States.

Purpose of a camouflage net is to conceal from observation vehicles, guns, trenches, weapon pits, and the men in attendance.

Hand-made of double cotton twine, they are bound with rope, dyed khaki or green and "garnished" with irregular strips of hessian.

Thrown over the object to be concealed, they can render it invisible from the air.

Captain J. W. C. Wyatt, a divisional headquarters officer, ex-



THE ENTRANCE to this British dug-out, somewhere in Libya, is covered by a camouflage net. The army needs thousands of similar nets, which are being made by voluntary helpers.

plained that the effect is comparable to that of lace curtains, which conceal objects when viewed from the side of the greatest light.

In other words, you can see out of lace curtained windows in the daytime, but you cannot see into them from a short distance away.

The dyeing and garnishing of the nets has the effect of merging them into the general background, completing the camouflage.

"Concealment from aerial observation can be so effective that it becomes impossible to see a vehicle thus camouflaged from a height greater than a thousand feet," said Captain Wyatt.

Until a few months ago an adequate supply of camouflage nets was obtainable from England.

Now with shortage of shipping space, and the necessity for Australia to be as self-supporting as possible, the making of nets is a most important work.

### Front line job

"OUR workers feel that they are doing a front line job," says Miss Kate McDowell, honorary organiser in Sydney of the women's section of the National Defence League.

"They are supplying vital equipment, which may be the means of saving many lives."

"We have no difficulty in getting voluntary workers. Each day about 30 people are engaged on net-making at our rooms, and others work two evenings a week."

"The majority are women, but we have a number of men, including one, thoroughly expert, who served in the Navy during the last war."

"As well as the central workshop other centres are being organised. Some are already in production."

Voluntary net-making for camouflage was instigated in Sydney by Professor W. J. Dakin, Professor of Zoology at Sydney University.

Professor Dakin, an expert on camouflage, is now associated in an advisory capacity with the Defence Department.

Mr. Alan Colfax, a lecturer in zoology at the University, had learned net-making while engaged in fisheries research on trawlers. He taught a large number of university students, and later instructed members of the National Defence League.

## Klipper WOOL TIES

SCARVES AND DRESSING GOWNS  
**WASHABLE—UNCRUNSHABLE. ACCLAIMED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AS THE FINEST TIE MADE!**

KLIPPER TIES are made in Australia by Australians from finest Australian materials.



Large Range of Colors. Designs and Tartans. Also Khakis and Air Force. Klipper Botany 2/6 Klipper Junior 1/9

Insist on seeing the Klipper Label at All Meezers and Department Stores

## HOLIDAYS

ANYWHERE, ANY PLACE, ANY TIME.  
**WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU**  
St. James Bldg., Elizabeth St., Sydney. MAKING, L.A. 368.

## Rheumatism, Ankles Puffy, Backache, Kidneys Strained?

If you're feeling out o'-sorts, Get Up Nights, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatism, Burning Passages, Excess Acidity, or Loss of Energy and feel old before your time, Kidney Trouble is the true cause.

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, colds or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys so that they function poorly and need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy.

### Help Kidneys Doctors' Way

Many doctors have discovered by scientific clinical tests and in actual practice that a quick and sure way to help the kidneys clean out excess poisons and acids is with a scientifically prepared prescription called Cystex. Hundreds and hundreds of Doctors' records prove this.

No Benefit—No Pay

The very first dose of Cystex goes right to work helping your kidneys remove excess acids. Quickly, this makes you feel like new again. And so certain are the makers that Cystex will satisfy you completely they ask you to try it under a money back guarantee. You be the judge. If not entirely satisfied, just return the empty package and get your money back. Cystex costs little at chemists and stores and the money back guarantee protects you. Now in 3 sizes—1/10, 4/3, 8/4.

**Cystex** for KIDNEYS BLADDER  
The GUARANTEED Remedy RHEUMATISM

## Beautiful!

You buy refills only—**Save 3 every time**

The New Ivory-White Moulded Container for

## Gibbs Dentifrice

IN THE 1/6 SIZE

Good news for housewives who watch the pennies! Your favourite dentifrice now in an elegant, long-lasting container. Now—instead of paying 1/6 every time you need dentifrice you buy a 1/3 refill only and slip it into the new moulded container—a clear saving of 3d. whenever you make a purchase!

Gibbs saves your money as well as teeth

But apart from this important saving, tests show that the large 1/6 size lasts the average person 210 days—weeks longer than any other dentifrice! It's a sure protection against decay. At all chemists and stores.

Large Moulded Container, 1/6. Large Refills, 1/3

G-14.36





How soaps do come and go. One year this soap is all the rage. Another year that soap. And what inimitable things soaps are supposed to do nowadays! But there is one soap that just goes on and on. Fashions don't affect it. Film stars don't write testimonials for it. It isn't famous in Hollywood. But it's famous wherever English is spoken. The name of it is Wright's Coal Tar Soap. And doctors have been recommending it since just after the last convict ship arrived in Australia. Maybe it's time you tried it.

## WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

1 lb. Cake - - Bath size, 1/2  
Including Sales Tax.  
1.6.41

## YOU CAN STOP THAT BACKACHE

But You Must First HELP YOUR KIDNEYS to Flush Out Acid Poisons

Recognize backache as a signal that there is something wrong with your kidneys. Your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes and filters. Every three minutes all the blood in your body passes through these tubes to be filtered of waste matter and acid poisons. Unless your kidneys remove about 100 grains of dangerous impurities, these tubes become clogged, causing backache, leg pain, loss of pep and energy, swelling up of ankles, hiccups, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, headaches, rheumatic pains and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning also show there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't delay and don't experiment. Go to your chemist or store for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS. Use them faithfully and give your kidneys the help they need before it is too late. Millions of users the world over have had quick, satisfying relief. As to your neighbour DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS to-day. ...

## Loses 29 lbs. of FAT in 6 weeks

Reduces Hips 9 inches

New Safe, Pleasant Reducing Treatment

### 'My Doctor Was Amazed at Results'

"I had been under a doctor's care for bad heart and liver. He advised me to reduce. I tried all sorts of remedies without results. Then a friend said she had taken BonKora and lost 29 pounds in 6 weeks. I decided to try it."

"I lost 29 pounds in 6 weeks. Reduced bust 8 inches; waist 7 inches; hips 9 inches. Now wear 2 dresses 3 sizes smaller."

"My doctor was amazed. I don't go to him any more since I lost the fat that was crowding my heart. My liver troubles, headaches, and tired feeling have gone, too. I feel full of pep.—Mrs. M. A. Pruteau (full address on request)."

### Eat Big Meals Fat Goes Quick

Get rid of your fat. Take BonKora, the new, quick, safe Reducing Treatment. It has taken off 15 to 30 pounds for people who had tried other methods in vain.

BonKora takes off fat new "3-stage" way. Triple action: triple speed. No starving. Just take BonKora and FAT in a glass of orange juice 3 times daily and then—reduce the dose as your excess fat disappears.

### BONKORA and ORANGE JUICE

By taking 2 teaspoonsful of BonKora in a glass of ORANGE JUICE 3 times daily you will not only lose excess weight safely and quickly, but you will regain your ability to SLEEP RESTFULLY. You will be freed from the pains of rheumatism and the penalties of constipation. The essential vitamins of the orange aid and expedite the amazing beneficial effects of BonKora. Mail coupon for FREE SAMPLE.

## "THIS: That

'Carrier Pigeon 6' was taken a month ago. Great pressure was put upon him to open his mouth—to reveal where the 'letter-box' was that he was accustomed to clear. Once the Boche knew that, he was bound to get '72,' either by waiting at the box or else by making inquiries for ten miles round."

Ariel felt rather faint. "But he didn't," she said. "He didn't open his mouth."

"I'm afraid he did," said the surgeon. "Some twenty-four hours ago. If the Boche had acted at once, you and '72' would never have met. As it is..." He broke off and shrugged his shoulders. "Thanks to you we have these precious reports. But '72' was the—"

The sentence was never finished, for Ariel stood up and swayed and the surgeon leaped to catch her before she fell.

Two minutes went by. . . . "Better now?" said the man. "You're a girl in a million, but women weren't made for these things."

"I'm quite all right," said Ariel. "Listen to me. Somehow or other we've got to get him out."

"Get who out?" said the other, staring.

"George Herring—'72.' The Boche mayn't have acted yet. He hadn't acted this morning at twelve o'clock."

"My dear, be reasonable. We don't know where to find him. Until you said it I never knew his name."

"He has a leather shop at Munich. He's certain to be on the phone."

"Yes, but even so—"

"I'm going to fetch him," said Ariel, and got to her feet. "I've got my Customs pass, and there's room in my car. I won't believe it's too late till I've seen for myself."

Four frantic hours had gone by, and Henty was speaking to the chemist with whom he dealt.

"Is that you, Strub? Have those things from Munich arrived?"

"I am very sorry, sir, but I have no further news. My furnishes wire me that the railway—"

"Listen to me. I've an English lady here on whom I must operate within forty-eight hours. Her son is now in Munich, and since he has no idea that his mother is ill, her daughter is leaving to fetch him, going by car."

"Could she possibly—"

"She can and will. I've asked her. But you must send somebody with her to pick up and pay for the stuff."

"I will send my son with pleasure. He can, perhaps, be of service. His English is very good. At what hour does she leave, if you please?"

"To-morrow at seven o'clock."

## Above Suspicion

Continued from Page 40

"Very good, Mr. Henty. Rudolf will be at your house at a quarter before that hour."

"Thank you; I am deeply obliged."

Henty replaced the receiver and looked at Miss Choate.

"Well, we're over that stile," he said. "Rudolf Strub is a very efficient young man. And he speaks very decent English. He'll see you in—and out, if he has half a chance. And now is there anything else? I want to get you to bed."

"Only some clothes," said Ariel. "If he is to be my brother, he must have some English clothes."

"That's not too hard. I'll give you some country clothes. All made in England, of course."

"Good for you," said the girl. "And you think his passport—"

"Miss Choate, I hope. If my little friend can do it, I know he will."

Munich was very hot, and the fans in Herr Herring's workshop were running steadily.

"Just as well she's there and I'm here," he muttered to himself, pausing in his work. "If I were to see her again, I might make a fool of myself."

The man declined to doubt that the girl was safe. After all, the odds in his favor were fifty thousand to one. Even now the British were touring. Only that morning two had walked into his shop. And the Germans were glad to see them.

So all was well—except for that motor car smash. This had occurred near the station from which the day before he had taken the Munich train. "Early this morning," the stationmaster had said. A car which was coming from Munich had skidded and overturned. Four men were dead or dying as a result. It was said they were of the Gestapo.

It might mean nothing, of course; still, "Carrier Pigeon 6" had broken down, and one could not ignore the fact that but for that timely skid two vital dispatches might never have reached Whitehall. If that was so, another car had left Munich—oh, hours ago.

Breaking into his thoughts, the bell of his shop was rung.

He was calm enough, as he lifted aside the curtain which hung at the foot of the stair. But there he caught his breath, and a hand went up to his throat.

Ariel was standing before him, suitcase in hand.

"Good heavens," he cried helplessly. "I made sure you were through."

"That shows you're alone," said the child. "And that's what I wanted to know."

She set the suitcase down and began to unbutton her shirt.

"But—"

"I've been, my dear. The papers left Zurich by plane. They were in London this morning at seven o'clock."

Herring laid hold of the curtain, breathing hard. The tremendous wave of relief had left him weak at the knees. But the girl's next words brought him to rigid attention.

"Listen, George. We've not an instant to lose. 'Carrier Pigeon 6' has opened his mouth."

Herring's brain cleared for action. "I want," he said quietly, "I want to know why you're here."

"To fetch you, of course. I've fixed it all with Henty. I've got your passport here—you're my brother, Hilary Choate. You've only to sign it; somebody worked all night."

"And the photograph," said Herring. "My dear—"

"I took you yesterday, when you thought I was taking the inn. My camera takes sideways. I got your head and shoulders, and they have enlarged the head. And now, dear, please be quick. Here's the passport and here are some English clothes. Go and change. We've got to pick somebody up—I'll tell you all as we go."

The man shook his head.

Please turn to page 44

## Radio artist as "big kid"

Jim Max to run Children's Hour

What do children look for most in entertainment?

Jim Max, the new Children's Hour personality at 2GB, says the modern youngster appreciates the compliment of being treated as an adult rather than as a child.

JIM MAX should know—he's been entertaining children for years. From Monday, March 31, he and "Judy" will present 2GB's new Children's Session under the title of "Pals on Parade."

"Judy" is already well known to the tiny tots, for whose special benefit she broadcasts a "Tiny ones" story at 5 p.m. each day.

Jim Max, who comes to 2GB from a Newcastle station, was originally a student of medicine. He decided, he says, that he would rather be a first-class entertainer than a second-class doctor.

So he forsook the university and went to the stage, where, with his piano and his comedy sketches, he enjoyed popularity on the variety stage.

Radio then attracted him, and it was at the microphone that he found work close to his heart.

This is what he has to say on

### Competition

WHAT are the "Unforgettable Words" in your life? Send them to Miss Goodie Reeve, c/o 2GB, and win the 10/6 offered each week by The Australian Women's Weekly in their session, "Memories for the Asking," 2GB, Saturday, 4.30 p.m.

THIS WEEK'S WINNER: Miss A. L. Johnson, 26 Victoria Ave., Penshurst, who says she can never forget hearing the words, "The war is over," said to her in 1918.

modern children: "I have found that they are most surely interested if you can give them really adult entertainment, broken down to child standards. They like to be treated as grown-ups."

"There is, too, the other side of it. In my experience I have found that the only way to win youngsters in the mass is for oneself to become a youngster again—the biggest kid at the party."

"Modern youngsters, too, demand adventure—and in that the boys are not alone."

"Above all, they like to make a noise, and a noisy party, generally speaking, is a successful party—provided the noise is controlled."

"These are some of the thoughts on which we are basing 'Pals on Parade.'"

"Judy's" story for her 'Little Pals' will open the programme from 5 to 5.10 p.m., from 5.10 until 5.30 each Monday to Friday there will be a studio party, and at 5.30 there will be an adventure story, 'Robinson Crusoe Junior.'

"From 5.45 to 6 o'clock we are arranging a few surprises."

"The Saturday night programme will comprise a one-hour concert in which we will feature the 2GB Children's Choir."

"On Saturday nights we hope to provide, also, a chance for gifted youngsters to show what they can do."



JIM MAX, new Children's Hour personality at 2GB.



BEFORE Mrs. M. A. Pruteau, before taking BonKora, the new quick, safe Reducing Treatment. AFTER Mrs. Pruteau, after losing 29 lbs. in 6 weeks with BonKora. Looks younger.

### FREE SAMPLE

\*\*\*\*\* MAIL THIS COUPON \*\*\*\*\*  
To: World Agencies, Pacific House,  
210 George St., SYDNEY.  
I enclose 5d in stamps. Please send me  
FREE SAMPLE and full details of Bon-  
Kora treatment.  
NAME: \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_  
IF YOUR CHEMIST CANNOT SUPPLY  
BONKORA, enclose postal note for 6/6  
and the full-sized bottle will be mailed  
to you post free in a plain wrapper.  
\*\*\*\*\* W.W. 29/3/41 \*\*\*\*\*

## BEST VALUE FOR MONEY INSIST UPON

# ALLY SALMON



## Show poise when meeting your ex-men friends

YOUR mother is acting wisely, June Clarke (8/3/41), when she asks you to stay home when your former men friends bring their wives or fiancées to your home.

It would be a great mistake to avoid them because they are married or engaged.

That would show your feelings too plainly, and would make it doubly hard when finally you had to meet them again.

The best way is not to run away, but to welcome the newcomers. Thus you can retain your former friends, while pride will hide your hurt.

Mrs. J. R. Cress, Campbell St., Bowen Hills N1, Brisbane.

### Regard as tribute

DO not let the situation embarrass you, Miss Clarke, but put your head in the air and be a charming hostess.

For, after all, these men friends are flattering you by wanting to bring their fiancées and wives to



IT IS embarrassing for mother when daughter refuses to meet guests.

your home. They must consider you a good pal and a sincere friend.

It does not mean that you are "left on the shelf." That is only a thought created in your own mind; it probably never occurs to others.

You must remember you had your choice of these male friends before their wives and fiancées, so do not let your pride down in the dust.

M. Chambers, Meira Private Hospital, Kendal St., Cowra, N.S.W.

### Don't be outdated

MISS JUNE CLARKE need not be so sensitive. No woman is "on the shelf" these days till she is sixty. Any slight embarrassment she might suffer in the presence of these visitors is less humiliating than letting them suspect her of such outdated feelings.

And, anyway, what about common courtesy? The callers are more Miss Clarke's friends than her mother's, and it is her ordinary social duty not to slight them.

Miss Averil Beaumont, Vulture St., South Brisbane.

# So They Say

## EXPECT TOO MUCH

MANY men seem to think their responsibility is ended towards the home when they have paid over the weekly housekeeping allowance. That is rather a selfish view.

Most men can save something out of the amount they retain. The wife is unable to do this if there are children.

When unexpected expenses crop up, such as doctor's bills, or visitors staying in the home, much friction could be avoided if the man were prepared to help his partner over a difficult financial situation, instead of expecting her to provide for every contingency out of a fixed sum.

Mrs. H. Smith, 23 Tyrone St., South Yarra, Melbourne.

## UNFAIR

WHY do stout people always get the name of being lazy? Often it's no fault of theirs, but one often hears it said: "Oh, don't ask her, she's too fat and lazy."

I know several stout people who get about and do enough work around the house to shame many a slim person.

Mrs. M. Nuttall, 79 Shakespeare St., Mt. Hawthorn, W.A.

## INCONVENIENT

I WONDER if it ever occurs to those responsible for the present-day cry to "have larger families" how adverse the plan of the modern villa is to the idea.

During the first twelve months of my son's life I found the lack of verandah space tremendously inconvenient.

Now, just over his first year, I feel that he is entitled to some freedom of the backyard. But how to keep him there! He delights in wandering round to the front garden. One leg up, and he is over the low brick fence, or, as an alternative, down on all fours he crawls under the gate.

I cannot think of attaching my lad to a rope, no matter how ample the length.

So daily he aims for the main thoroughfare, and daily my nerves are worn to breaking point.

This ado with one child; heaven help me in helping my country by having more!

Mrs. Patricia Standing, c/o P.O., Springwood, N.S.W.

## Grandmothercraft— an important study

EVERYONE admits that it is important for a new mother to study mothercraft, but what about grandmothercraft?

The grandmother must prepare herself for shocks. She will see the new ideas of infant welfare put into practice by her daughter or daughter-in-law, and will probably find them fantastic.

Her most cherished ideas about infant care will be flouted—and if she is wise she will hold her tongue.

Even though she may pride herself on her modern outlook she must realise that she is actually a back number.

Unless she recognises the fact that the responsibility of the children is the mother's, not hers, she will never be given the opportunity to know them well.

But if she does recognise that, she can establish relations with her grandchildren which will improve as the years go on, bringing her fresh happiness in her old age.

El to Jean Castle, Tewkesbury Ave., Mornington, S.A.

## What type of girl do men like best?

EVERY man may want to marry the girl who understands house-keeping and one who would make a good mother, J. Frost, 8/3/41, but do they?

The Divorce Court is overworked, the leaders of our country advocate a higher birth-rate, and women marrying still hold their former positions in offices.

If you men did marry the girl you pretend to prefer the world would not be in its present state. The majority of you pass by the feminine home-loving girl and marry the flighty, painted dolly. Lack of family life and discontented homes are the result.

Judith O'Connor, c/o G. H. Burton, Reiby Chambers, Reiby Lane, Sydney.

## Pleasant surprise

HOW very pleasant to hear of a young man who wished his future wife to possess such decent qualities!

It would be a better old world if all men thought the same, but, believe it or not, Mr. Frost, quite a number of your sex think a girl is not a sport unless she smokes and laps up cocktails.

In fact, most men appear to prefer that kind of girl.

Your expressed preference for the home-loving girl came as a pleasant surprise to one, at least.

G. Lily, 79 Brighton Ave., Croydon Park, N.S.W.

## Don't believe it

I DON'T think the general evidence bears out Mr. Frost's opinion. Maybe in theory men like the potential good housekeeper and mother, but if they find one it's by accident, if you ask me.

What man won't tell you that he wishes you wouldn't wear nail-varnish or smoke so much, and how he hates girls to drink? But watch his eyes follow the exotic female who does all the things he disapproves of.

And, furthermore, watch him closely when he meets her, or you will lose him altogether!

Miss Dorothy Thomas, Patrick St., Hobart.

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

For the best letter published each week we award £1, and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

## Prefer blinds for windows in plain colors

ONLY the exceptional room would benefit by Miss McCure's suggested innovation in interior decoration (8/3/41) to replace plain window-blinds with those of chints or striped effects.

The service of a blind is primarily that of shade, and a gay chintz would not be restful when the sun shone through the lighter parts of the pattern.

Bright curtains used with a plain shade give a good effect from the street.

The gaiety in home decor which Miss McCure thinks desirable can be achieved without sacrificing respite from outdoor glare.

E. A. Paterson, 23 McKenzie St., Seaford, Vic.

## Bright curtains

CURTAINS are usually more in evidence from the street than blinds.

To brighten a dull room, or, almost as important, a dull street, ring the changes in curtains when-ever possible.

Mrs. G. Copley, Lucindale, S.A.

## Too many patterns

THE idea of using a colored chintz for a blind may be a pleasant change if viewed only from the outside.

However, I think that more often than not it would clash horribly with interior decoration.

If the carpet and/or suite featured a floral pattern, flowers again on the blinds would be just too much.

Mrs. I. M. Jackson, Middleton St., Highbury 821, Vic.

## OVER-FRANK

IS sincerity the virtue that it is so often claimed to be? With reservations, yes. But these reservations are very important.

When we tell that friend of ours who has an inferiority complex that her new hat looks a cross between a mushroom and a porcupine, maybe we are being truthful and sincere. But then sincerity becomes cruelty.

Give me the person who can distinguish the subtle differences between flattery, sincerity, and white lies.

Often a white lie is justified. If a dress, for instance, is already bought and paid for, what good can be done to the owner by telling her that it is unsuitable? She has to wear it; she may as well be happy in it.

L. W. Andersen, Box 104, P.O., Bundaberg, Qld.

## TOO MUCH TO SPEND

MANY of our young women are today earning almost the salary of a man on the basic wage. Some have this to spend on themselves each week.

Are these girls going to be content when they marry to keep a home on the same money?

They would be wise to live moderately, and deny themselves expensive clothes. Then after the war, if their lot be marriage or pre-war wages, they will be contented.

E. V. Crossman, c/o P.O., Eaglehawk, Vic.

## ST. IVES PRIVATE HOSPITAL

(Sister Hobbs)

WATERFALL ST.  
'PHON

- Requirements for the Mother
- \* 1 bottle Dettol Antiseptic
  - 3 Nightgowns
  - 1 Face Washer
  - 1 lb. Cotton Wool
  - 1 bottle Castor Oil
  - 1 bottle Oil
  - 1 cake Soap
  - 1 Safety Razor
  - 1 Bundle

It might have been serious..

"Doesn't baby look well, now that troublesome rash has gone? Doctor said the main thing was to guard against further infection. That's why he told me to use 'Dettol'. Of course, I'd already learned about 'Dettol' in hospital, where they used it to safeguard baby and me in many ways."

'Dettol' is the modern antiseptic which is clear, clean and pleasant-smelling. It kills germs but has gentle action upon tissue. It cannot harm even baby's delicate skin and what's more, it is non-poisonous. 'Dettol' has been adopted by the great hospitals for use in obstetric and general cases. Every day more women are turning to 'Dettol' as an aid to intimate personal hygiene. Sold by chemists only, in 2/1 and 3/8 bottles.



...if it hadn't been for 'Dettol'

Reckitt & Colman (Aust.) Ltd.  
(Pharmaceutical Dept.), Sydney.

## CORNWELL'S PURE MALT VINEGAR

Gives finer FLAVOUR to SALADS



**FRECKLES DISAPPEAR**

HERE'S a chance, Miss Freckle-face, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Kintho—double strength—from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as this strength is sold under a guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

**KINTHO**  
DOUBLE STRENGTH

Clifton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.



## NO LIFE IN HIM!



**BRUCE:** Ron, get a move on! For goodness sake put some life into it!  
**LORNA:** It's not really his fault, darling. He's worn-out. Look at him now... see how pale and thin he is! It's more than just tiredness.



**BRUCE:** Ach! You're only making excuses for him. He's always tired!  
**LORNA:** Darling—I'm not just making excuses. I'm really worried about him. He hardly touches his food nowadays. I think I'll take him along to see Dr. Maxwell.



**DOCTOR:** Mrs. Stirling, we can trace most of Ron's trouble back to his sleep. You see, children grow during sleep. This uses up their energy. Heartbeats and breathing at night also use up energy. Naturally, if energy isn't replaced during sleep, children get run down. It's Night-Starvation. So put young Ron on to Horlicks.



### SIX WEEKS LATER

**BRUCE:** The kid's full of life nowadays!  
**LORNA:** Darling, he's a different youngster! He's put on weight—and he's eating like a horse, thanks to Horlicks!

Priced from 1/6; economy size, 2/9. Special pack with mixer, 2/-.

**GUARDS CHILDREN AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION**

**HORLICKS**



## To every woman who cherishes her hair

Are you honestly satisfied with your hair? Or does your mirror tell a sad, unflattering tale of dull, lifeless locks... does it show ugly dandruff flakes, with a dry, unhealthy-looking scalp?

Don't think you must put up with "ordinary" hair, for the secret of rich, luxuriant locks is simple—Crystolis vitalising treatment!

Act now to give your hair rich, glowing lustre, to soon develop a strong, luxuriant growth—shimmering with the "life" and sparkle of perfect health... begin massaging Crystolis Rapid into your scalp to-night.

Tingling, deep-penetrating Crystolis acts three ways to beautify your hair



... it cleanses and refreshes; it destroys dandruff and tones up the scalp; it checks falling hair and stimulates new, vigorous hair growth.

Enjoy seeing your hair abundant and gleaming with new, fashionable sheen... neat, healthy, silky-clean and free from dandruff.

Treat your hair to Crystolis vitalising treatment to-night—ask your chemist, store or hairdresser for Crystolis Rapid to-day!

**CRYSTOLIS**

Recognised as World's most effective Scalp Treatment and Aid to Hair Growth.  
Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

**T**HEY had done that, of course—put forty men on the job, and eight or ten cars. Each car to scour one segment of the circle drawn round the "box." And there his luck came in, for the very car that mattered had overturned.

Another car, of course, had taken its place; but, somehow or other, a lot of time had been lost. Inexcusable that a man may fall by the way, but the game should go on. Never mind—it had thrown them out. One segment—the segment that mattered—had not been scoured till to-day. After that, it was a question of hours; for the most inefficient agent would go to a village inn, and once he had got so far, the most inefficient agent would see that Herr Herring of Munich might be the man he sought.

He would speak to Munich—and two men would leave at once for the little leather shop... And when they found it empty the hunt would be up. In less than twenty minutes every frontier station would be informed.

Herring glanced at his watch. Ten minutes past eight. At this rate they'd make the frontier just about nine o'clock—six hours after leaving Munich, six pregnant hours... They'd beat the Gestapo to it; but where was the car that could beat a telephone-call? The Gestapo would not be there, but their orders would.

And then what? Dusk was coming in as they entered the frontier village through which the sports car had passed some thirteen hours before. Herring was quiet as death: the man had weighed things up and had made up his mind. Ariel was jumpy; she started and swerved when a dog ran out of a shop. Rudolf, now wide awake, was clutching the passports and Ariel's Customs pass.

Right and then left through the square and then, a hundred yards on, to the left again. How did this English girl do it? No hesitation at all. Yet she was right, as usual. There was the bridge and the—

Rudolf closed his eyes and let out an agonised groan. Worse than the worst had happened. Four cars were waiting at the frontier, head to tail, and guards were standing stolidly, backs to the lowered pole. And the guard-room was busy: its lights streamed into the road.

"Oh, my dear," wailed Ariel, and set a foot on the brake.

Herring laid a hand on her arm. "It's quite all right," he said quietly. "Pull up behind the last car, but don't get too close." He turned to the luckless Rudolf, who was regarding the passports with glazing eyes. "Give me the passports and pass."

"But, George—"

**"HUSH.** I know what I'm doing." The documents passed. "And now listen, please. I'm speaking to both of you. Obey every order they give you, on no account leave the car, and answer no questions at all. If they tell you to move you must do as they say. Don't hesitate. Just do it. And please remember this—that everything depends upon your holding your tongues."

He stepped out into the road and slammed the car door. Then he strode straight to the guard-room, and Ariel's frantic eyes saw him mounting the shallow steps.

As he came to their head, a guard placed himself in front of Herring. "It is forbidden—"

And then he saw the look upon Herring's face. This was the glare of the Prussian, having authority.

"Forbidden?" roared Herring in German, raising a threatening fist. "Get out of my way this instant, you insolent swine."

The other started aside. "Pardon, sir. I did not—"

Herring passed in, lowering...

His eyes swept the whitewashed place. No secret police there; and a door behind the barrier gave to a second room. Customs and guards were staring, and four or five harassed tourists had turned about. A cabin trunk stood by a counter, on which a dressing-case was being thoroughly probed. At a desk two officials were looking up from the glare which a shaded light was casting on to a printed sheet.

"Who's in charge here?" blared Herring.

Nobody answered him, but one of the two officials stepped to the barrier.

Herring pushed a woman aside and made for the hatch. He motioned to the official to do the

## Above Suspicion

Continued from page 42

same. As the latter obeyed, frowning, Herring flipped open his jacket for half a moment of time. Then

"Let me through," he spat. "I've got to get through at once to WX." Apologising profusely, the other did as he said—and followed Herring into the inner room.

Herring went straight to the telephone, hung on the wall.

"Priority WX," was all he said. Perhaps twenty seconds went by. Then—

"WX," said someone.

"Extension 20," said Herring.

"Hullo," said another voice after a moment or two.

"Axel speaking," said Herring. "Is that you, Hans? Well, here I am on the edge. Have you any more news?"

A receiver was violently replaced, but Herring went affably on.

"No, I didn't think you would... Yes, we came very fast. That kid...

But, my dear Hans, what a peach! Too thin, of course, but...

Herring burst out laughing. "Of course, if you—what?" His chin went up, and he stood to attention smartly, clicking his heels.

"Good evening, sir," he bowed.

"Yes, I'm all right so far," he answered. "That's quite understood... I've every confidence, sir... Yes, I honestly think I could. My—very attractive driver has no idea...

Yes, that's quite clear... A drumming in Herring's ear sug-

gested that someone was ringing the frontier post. "Yes, I know. But I think that I shall be able...

Well, if all goes well, I think—may I put it this way? I propose to deal with him first, and then to pick up his role and recover the stuff...

If I may say so, sir, I entirely agree. Quite so. It gives me a free hand...

Oh, I ought to be there in a little over an hour... I beg your pardon... No, not the slightest idea. The guards here thought I was English, when I walked into the place...

No, not for long, sir. Your badge is a tallman. You ought to have seen the man's eyes, when... That's the joke of the century... I'll make it so. Never fear."

The drumming was growing violent, but Herring went steadily on. "You're terribly kind, sir... Oh, I'll deliver the goods... How soon? Oh, in two minutes' time. Half a moment, sir."

He thrust the documents into the other's hand. "Stamp these in here. I don't want them seen outside. Quick as you can. I've got to be off in two minutes—you heard what I said."

The official ran for the door. "Excuse me, sir, I was telling one of these boobies..."

As the door closed, Herring whipped a knife from his pocket and

gested that someone was ringing the frontier post. "Yes, I know. But I think that I shall be able...

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carefully severed the wires, where they ran off the plaster and under the wood. The drumming stopped dead. Before the official was back, Herring was speaking again.

"Yes, sir, that's quite understood... They're stamping them now... Very good, sir... You're very kind. Auf wiedersehen, sir."

He put the receiver back and turned to the sweating official, busy with rubber stamps.

"Aren't they ready yet?"

"Almost, my lord. I told my men to bring the car up to the door." He pressed a stamp on to the pass and snatched at a pen.

"There, it is all in order," he blotted his signature and folded the pass. Then he gave this and the passports into the outstretched hand.

"I hope very much that your lordship will overlook—I mean, in the ordinary way, no cars are held up; but doubling your lordship knows that one Herman Herring of Munich—"

"Fool!" The official quailed before the blast of contempt, Herring thrust out his jaw and spoke through his teeth. "Herring's over the border. One of your breed let him through—with a lorry of fruit. I've got to repair the damage. I've got to go to Zurich and do your work."

With that, he flung open the door and lunged for the hatch. The other followed, stammering, not knowing what he said. He was preoccupied—trying his best to remember when last his men had cleared a lorry of fruit.

The car had been advanced to the foot of the steps. As Herring rounded her bonnet, a soldier opened the door...

"All clear, my beauty," breathed Herring, taking his seat. "Go on. They're lifting the pole."

Ariel fought off her faintness and let in the clutch...

Forty-six hours had gone by, and a formal garden in Sussex was looking its stately best.

Her slim, bare arm in George Herring's, Ariel stared at the badge which lay in her palm—a miniature badge of leather, beautifully finished, alight with crimson and gold.

"And directly he saw this, you say..."

...he could see nothing else. It's the mark of the brute, my darling, and that is why brutality never pays. The man he was looking for was under his hand. He was face to face with him, and his orders were clear. But when he saw the mark of the brute, he could think of nothing at all but of saving his skin. His common sense stopped working."

"Thank heaven it did. And now will you tell me, please, what they said in Whitehall?"

"They were mostly concerned with whether you'd hold your tongue."

"What did you say?"

"I said I'd considered that and I thought the safest plan was to make you my wife."

Ariel's laugh rang out. "I'll bet you did. And what did they say to that?"

Herring swung her round and looked into the grave grey eyes.

"They said, 'You're a damned lucky man. Often enough you've taken your life in your hand; but she left hers in pawn when she drove into that country to get you out.'"

"They don't understand—that's all. If they'd heard the past tense used of someone they knew was alive—someone they were in love with..." With half a sob, her arm went about the man's neck.

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## THE COLOURS DEFY WASHING

The Texture laughs at Time!

Woven from the finest Egyptian yarn, styled for the modern man and woman and (if you like) gracefully initialed. For men 1/3 with man-tailored borders and bold modern patterns (initialed 1/6); for ladies 2d. with initials 1/3.

A PIONEER PRODUCT

**NILE**

THE HANDKERCHIEF WHICH STAYS SMART!

SOLD SINGLY OR IN FASCINATING GIFT BOXES.

Manufactured by PIONEER SOFTGOODS INDUSTRIES Pty. Ltd., 134 Broadway, SYDNEY.





# WRITER IN THE STARS

## ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

**Arians like to lead. They dislike serving others. Hence they must always remember that the best boss is he who knows how to serve.**

**T**HE sun is now passing through the zodiacal sign Aries, which rules over people born between March 21 and April 21. It is, therefore, one of the big moments of the year for Arians to try to advance their affairs.

Although capable, forceful, courageous, willing, enthusiastic, and energetic, they sometimes lack the ability to concentrate and bring matters to a successful conclusion. They should try to overcome this fault, otherwise all their good characteristics may be wasted because of one failing.

Arians are too inclined to evolve big ideas and start them with optimism and excitement, but tire and start off on another tack. Meanwhile they selfishly expect others to pick up the threads and weave them into something worth while.

The courage of Arians sometimes comprises rashness, defiance, and a tendency to show off. Because of this they often get themselves into serious trouble and arguments, and put themselves in danger of accidents.

In dealings with others they must try not to take the offensive to their continual embarrassment.

### The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information to your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

**ARIES (March 21 to April 21):** March 29 produces influences which can favor new enterprises, changes, the regard of others, and advancement or additional happiness. Back to faith some of your hopes, but avoid over-confidence and do not demand the impossible. April 2 and 3 fair.

**TAURUS (April 21 to May 21):** Just a week of days for most Taurians, but a good time to plan ahead. Meanwhile concentrate on routine affairs. March 30 and 31, and April 1, just fair.

**GEMINI (May 22 to June 22):** Some modest opportunities and pleasures can come your way at this time. Be ready and energetic, especially on April 1 (after 3 p.m.) and April 2 and 3. Be confident, but not rash.

**CANCER (June 23 to July 23):** Difficulties are likely to beset you in like degree to your venturesomeness or lack of care and forethought. Avoid changes, upsets, arguments, new enterprises and unpopular, especially on March 29, April 4 and 5 may prove difficult, too.

**LEO (July 24 to August 24):** This is your time to get busy and seek additional prosperity and happiness. Ask favors, seek promotion or financial increases, make changes, journeys or big decisions, and be ready to grasp opportunities. Do not waste a moment of March 29, April 2 and 3 fair.

**VIRGO (August 25 to September 23):** A time of preparation for future enterprise rather than for confident action. March 30 and 31, or April 1 (to dusk only), fair. Keep to routine tasks.

**LIBRA (September 24 to October 24):** Be on guard against opposition, losses, partings, disappointments, and general upsets, discord or worry. You are likely to do the wrong thing, so concentrate on routine affairs and avoid changes. March 29 and April 4 and 5 are likely to prove most difficult.

**SCORPIO (October 25 to November 23):** Unpredictable for most Scorpions, but they should try to concentrate on starting or completing all important and urgent affairs, unless they can wait for several weeks. March 30 and 31 and April 1 adverse.

**SAGITTARIUS (November 24 to December 23):** Be up and doing. Your stars can help you realize some of your more modest hopes and ambitions. Work hard on March 29, which is best of all. April 2 and 3 should be next best. Seek changes, improvements, favors.

**CAPRICORN (December 24 to January 20):** Unlucky. Capricornians can get themselves into trouble this week. Be especially cautious on March 29 and April 4 and 5. Avoid changes, discord, new enterprises, and important decisions or contacts.

**AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19):** Many Aquarians can turn April 2 and 3 to very fair account by enterprise, forethought, hard work, and a keen eye for opportunities and beneficial changes.

**PISCES (February 20 to March 21):** Stabilize past gains and give all your attention to constructive routine tasks. April 4 and 5 fair, but not for attempting really big matters.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters. (Editor, A.W.W.)



# Mandrake the Magician



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, is preparing to leave Fort Radi, Central Africa, and return to America without

**LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, who has been crowned King of the Wambesi tribe after the defeat and death of

**BESA:** Wambesi sorcerer.

Lothar, who has travelled with Mandrake for many years, finds that his position as King is very different from his previous life, and is most unhappy about it.

When he says good-bye to his erstwhile master he is greatly upset and cannot understand Mandrake's refusal to allow him to help load the luggage. **NOW READ ON.**



DON'T WANT WEAR CROWN ALL TIME. SILLY STUFF.



BUT YOU MUST, YOUR HIGHNESS! THE KING ALWAYS WEARS HIS CROWN!



BUT IT GIVES ME HEADACHE. MAYBE GETS RUSTY. BAD FOR SCALP.



THE KING MUST ALWAYS WEAR THE CROWN OF THE WAMBESI! THAT IS THE LAW!



KING STUFF. NEVER GOING HAVE NO FUN. NO EXCITING STUFF.



NEVER GOING SEE HIM AGAIN. GOTTA STAY ALWAYS-- AND BE KING--



YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, KING LOTHAR, WE HAVE A GREAT AND GRAND SURPRISE FOR YOU!



WHAT?



WE ARE PRESENTING TO YOU THE WIVES OF THE LAST KING, THE LATE OOGUBAY. BY WAMBESI LAW, THEY ARE NOW--



--YOUR WIVES!



MY-WIVES?



YOUR FUTURE WIVES WILL NOW BE PRESENTED TO YOU, YOUR HIGHNESS. GUGU, LALA, TRADI, MADI--



HOW--HOW DO--YOU DO--



ME YOUNG FELLA! NO WANT GET MARRIED YET!



BY WAMBESI LAW, YOU MUST MARRY ALL THE WIVES OF THE LAST KING. THERE ARE TWELVE MORE OUTSIDE, WAITING TO BE PRESENTED.



HE-HE-HE- GIGGLE-- GIGGLE--



ISN'T HE SWEET--?



AND HANDSOME!



ME YOUNG FELLA! ME NO WANT GET MARRIED!



TO BE CONTINUED



# Over the Garden Fence

Edited by  
**Mrs. MARY HOLIDAY**  
(the famous English washing authority)  
and a staff of experts. This page is for  
the benefit of all "Women's Weekly"  
readers—especially those who use Persil.

## Babies ...

This week's page is dedicated to young mothers or mothers-to-be... to aunts and grannies—in fact, to everyone who is interested in BABIES.

If you have any problem connected with the laundering of baby clothes, you are cordially invited to write to Mrs. Holiday about it. (P.O. Box 773H, Melbourne.) She will reply personally—by mail or through this page.

## Babies in the Wool

"COME in and see the son-and-heir," said one of my neighbours when I was passing the other day. And very proudly he showed me his 3-months-old babe—a fine specimen of young Australia!

But it wasn't long before his wife began tackling me about the washing of her baby's woollies: "Just look at that little coat. Mrs. Holiday," she went on, "all shrunken and yellowed and only three times on!"

I'm afraid it was only too true. But, as I pointed out, with proper care in the washtub it's quite easy to keep the soft fleeciness of new wool.

Most important thing to remember is to have nice cool suds. That's why I recommend Persil. It's gentle with precious woollies and you can use it even in cold water.

Never soak any woolly. Squeeze very gently through the suds and avoid rubbing. Don't keep it longer in water than you need. And when rinsing, be sure that the water is always about the same temperature to prevent

### THIS WEEK'S SPECIAL WASHING TALK

any possibility of shrinkage. It is very important to give woollies several rinsings to remove all the dirty suds.

#### Drying Woollies

If allowed to dry too slowly, woollies have a tendency to shrink. So squeeze out as much water as you can. Roll the little garment very tightly in a towel. (If, however, you have a wringer with rubber rollers, put the woolly through with the pressure slackened off.)

Now lay out the garment to dry, and if you are dealing with a little coat—or in fact any top wear—pack to its original size with tissue paper or soft muslin. This keeps it in the right shape. It also prevents two wet surfaces from touching, so that it dries nice and quickly.

Hand-knits dried like this won't need ironing, but machine-knitted things are all the better for a little light pressing. Use a warm iron and put a piece of muslin between it and the garment. Too hot an iron tends to "yellow" not only white woollies, but also those of pale pastel shades.



Mrs. Holiday asked Percy to illustrate "Ready to Peg Out." This is what he did.

### Choose your TOYS WITH A PURPOSE

says a child psychologist

Child psychologists and toy designers have combined to provide the offspring of to-day with a complete range of toys which, though interesting playthings, train the child mind, too. This little list gives a general idea of what children like most according to their age.

#### Up to 18 months:

Avoid all toys with sharp edges, rattles with grotesque faces—or any toy in crude, hectic colours. Choose:

1. Soft cuddlesome animals in pretty pastels. (Remove any part that is likely to come off easily.)
2. Rattles, bells, fluffy woolly balls.
3. Rubber toys for the bath—or a floating celluloid duck.
4. Strings of big wooden beads. (Be careful that the colour will not come off if put in the mouth.)

#### From 18 months to 2½ years:

The child is still too young to appreciate whirling clockwork toys—in fact they may easily worry a sensitive mind. Suitable presents:

1. Anything that can be dragged along—a chunky wooden train, for instance.
2. Nests of boxes—any toys that fit one into the other.
3. Rag books, Teddy Bears, Koalas, Pandas, etc.
4. Toys that teach counting and colours.

#### 2½ years to 3½ years:

At this age especially the child needs at least SOME toys on which to work off surplus energy. Choose:

1. Things like hobby horses, rock-aways and nursery swings.
2. Wheel toys—motor cars, lorries, wagons, fire-engines, dinkies.
3. Climbing, jumping, and sliding apparatus to develop the muscles.
4. Simple constructional toys. Building blocks, etc.
5. For the quieter moments—picture books, crayons.
6. For girls—housekeeping toys and dolls; especially Baby dolls.

### 5/- FOR YOUR HINT

Have YOU sent your washday tip to Mrs. Holiday? Post it to-day. If published, we'll pay you 5/-.

**Mrs. E. Bakkels.** Before washing 29 Herbert St., new socks for St. Plympton, Baby, lay them S. Australia. on firm white cardboard, and cut out two shapes the exact size of the socks, then after washing, always dry them on these cardboard "trees." In this way they will never get smaller.

**Mrs. H. Benson.** Before washing 154 Clarendon a woollen garment—such as a Melbourne, Vic. cardigan—be sure to stitch each button-hole up; to save them being stretched and spoiled for fastening again.

## WHAT WILL YOUR LITTLE ONE BE?

Although such a general Astrological chart cannot give the specific answer, the Stars CAN indicate his (or her) probable interests. Check over this list, taking into account your child's birthday.

Child's Birthday	Likely Characteristics	Suitable Jobs
Dec. 22—Jan. 20	Self-sacrificing A thinker Independent Cautious	Teacher Doctor Politician All Public Service Work
Jan. 20—Feb. 19	Over-sensitive Highly strung Persevering Inventive	Writer Artist and Crafts Scientist Work Electrical Engineering
Feb. 19—Mar. 21	Gregarious Broad-minded Sympathetic Loyal	Traveller Anything associated with Shipping Secretary Nurse
Mar. 21—Apr. 21	Impulsive Very independent Energetic Outspoken	The Army Designer Dentist Aviator of all kinds
Apr. 21—May 21	Persistent Idealistic Strong-willed Frank	Doctor Soldier Builder Cook
May 21—June 21	Blatant Ambitious Business Popular	Journalist Actor Local work Selling
June 21—July 21	Idiosyncratic Industrious Patient Astonishing	Scientist Artist Musician Nail-bruise
July 21—Aug. 24	Straight-forward Tactful Sympathetic Sunny disposition	Banker Library profession Literary or Stage work

### A CLEAN, SOFT

## Nappy

### IS BABY'S BEST COMFORTER

Do baby's nappies ever cause his skin to show any irritation? You can usually put it down to insufficient rinsing after washing them.

At least three rinses (one in warm water followed by at least two in cold) are necessary to rid nappies completely of every trace of the dirty suds—no matter what soap you use. In every rinse open out the napkin and squeeze it well. Don't be satisfied with a mere swish round.

"See, Mrs. Holiday, you're a pal! That tip about rinsing will sure give me some comfort!"

For nappy washing, many nurses use nothing but Persil. It keeps nappies snow-white and its oxygen-charged suds purify them as well. Just be sure you use sufficient (one heaped tablespoonful of Persil to every gallon of water)—that's the way to be certain of the purest, whitest wash in the world.

Here are some other points which will all add to baby's comfort.

1. No matter how rushed you are, wetted nappies should never be dried off and used again. Put them to soak in cold water as soon as you take them off. Then, all they need is a quick wash in hot suds.
2. Thoroughly cleanse soiled nappies before soaking. Boil before you use them again.
3. Dry nappies out of doors in the sunshine whenever possible. When dry, rub them between the hands to soften them up, then shake well before folding.

## Michael's mother thought his nappy was white ...



## ... till she saw David's PERSIL-WASHED ONE!

What accounts for such a difference? Simply this: ordinary soaps and powders get dirt off the fabric—but Persil's oxygen-charged suds get dirt right out of the weave itself! That's why Persil users have the whitest whites.

But it's not just for whites that Persil is so good. Persil keeps your flimsy coloureds fresh and sweet, your woollies soft and fleecy. It's the best AND SAFEST care for everything you wash!



J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

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### EXCLUSIVE

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# ★ The Movie World ★

March 29, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

47

## English studios carry on

Roof-spotters help  
to get the films  
finished on  
time...



● It's an old English custom: Diana Wynyard and Michael Redgrave sip tea in a scene from "Kipps," screen version of the H. G. Wells story, just completed in a London studio.

WHILE air battles rage over London, English film companies, situated in the city and its suburbs, are calmly going ahead with production on a scale that nobody dreamed was possible when war broke out.

With the aid of roof-spotters posted on towers high above the studios to give warning when planes come too near, they are managing to get their films finished right on scheduled time.

Studios are bombed out from time to time. But there is a new agreement between all the major companies, which provides that another studio, with all production facilities, shall be made available im-

mediately to any company which has the misfortune to be bombed during the making of a picture. This plan is working excellently.

Thrillers, war stories, tales of Empire, romantic and costume dramas, musicals and comedies are all in the new 1941 film programmes.

While the topical war theme predominates, a surprising number of period films are being made.

"Kipps," from the H. G. Wells story of London in the 1890's, has just been completed at Shepherd's Bush. It stars Diana Wynyard, Michael Redgrave, and Emlyn Williams.

England's busiest wartime film star, Diana is also in "An Empire is Built," the story of Disraeli. One of the most lavish period dramas ever produced in England, this film was made entirely on two floors of the studio—with elaborate sets of Balmoral Castle and the House of Commons. John Gielgud has the role of Disraeli.

### FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT

Warners have just begun work on "Atlantic Ferry," a history of the Cunard line that features Valerie Hobson.

Then you have the Gabriel Pascal film of Bernard Shaw's "Major Barbara," which stars Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, and Sybil Thorndike.

Of films with a modern theme, Leslie Howard's "Mr. Pimpernel Smith" is a thriller set in Poland in the late summer of 1939.

There are plenty of gay musicals and comedies. "Room For Two," amusing matrimonial farce, features Vic Oliver, son-in-law to Winston Churchill. "Under Your Hat" has the musical comedians Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge as British agents in wartime. George Formby, who has just completed "Call a

Cop," in which he plays a special war constable, is now working on "It's Turned Out Nice Again."

The British Government is co-operating with the studios on current dramas with wartime backgrounds.

To get the real atmosphere for "Fleet Air Arm," the director and most of his staff have been in action somewhere at sea on His Majesty's ships.

"49th Parallel" was subsidised by the British Government. It deals

with six Nazi sailors off a German submarine sunk off Vancouver, who attempt to escape through Canada to the United States.

Other war films are "Spitfire Squadron," with David Niven; "Neutral Port," with Will Fyffe as skipper of a tramp steamer off the English coast; "Portrait of a British Foreman," which has been written by J. B. Priestley, and "Leave Train," by Patrick Kirwan, author of "Con- voy."

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### ★ ★ HIGH SIERRA

(Week's Best Release)

Humphrey Bogart, Ida Lupino. (Warners.)

STARRING Ida Lupino and Humphrey Bogart, "High Sierra" is gangster melodrama which goes beyond the usual "cops and robbers" yarn.

Its hero is a complex, tortured soul, a man schooled to kill in cold blood, who yet has a curiously gentle side to his nature. This is shown in his love of the out-of-doors, his desire to help those in trouble.

The story follows faithfully the W. J. Burnett novel upon which it is based.

Humphrey Bogart has the role of the killer. Released from gaol through the influence of his underworld leader, Bogart is assigned the job of holding-up a Californian luxury hotel.

In the course of his preparations he meets an appealing country girl (Joan Leslie) and a dance-hall girl (Ida Lupino), who is a frustrated dreamer like himself. Both affect him deeply, but do not deter him from his crime.

The rugged grandeur of California's mountain-tops is the background for most of the action, which includes several wild police pursuits and gun-fights. Combined with the unusual characters, the magnificent scenery makes "High Sierra" a crime story of a distinctly "different" type.—Plaza; showing.

### ★ NO, NO, NANETTE

Anna Neagle, Richard Carlson. (RKO.)

WITH "No, No, Nanette," Anna Neagle and producer-director Herbert Wilcox, whose last film was "Irene," revive yet another popular stage musical for the screen.

Only three hits from the stage show, "Tea For Two," "I Want To Be

## PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

Happy," and "No, No, Nanette," are sung by Anna and other principals. There is some musical spectacle, including an unusual dream dance sequence. Ballerina Tamara is in the film.

Plot deals with the efforts of a hen-pecked millionaire (Roland Young) to prevent his suspicious wife (Helen Broderick) from knowing about his entanglements with a trio of gold-diggers. Nanette (Anna Neagle), Young's lonely niece, determines to help him.

In between she conducts two romances of her own—with an artist (Richard Carlson) and a musical producer (Vic Mature).

Zasu Pitts makes a welcome reappearance as a plaintive maid, sharing incidental comedy with Billy Gilbert.

As Anna Neagle seems so determined to continue as a musical star, she should look around for fresher stories than this one. It is a pity there is not more music in the film.—Regent; showing.

### ★ FATHER'S SON

Billy Dawson, Frieda Inescort. (Warners.)

THIS Booth Tarkington story introduces a new boy actor, Billy Dawson.

Billy plays an irrepressible fourteen-year-old who continually disobeys his stern father (John Lillie), not in a spirit of defiance, but because of his natural high spirits.

Father and mother (Frieda Inescort) quarrel over the boy, and drift apart. So it's up to the

youngster who caused the trouble to reconcile the pair.

Children will probably enjoy this little film, which mingles laughter with tears. Frieda Inescort makes a dignified and attractive mother.—Regent; showing.

### ★ GALLANT SONS

Jackie Cooper, Bonita Granville. (MGM.)

THE youthful Jackie Cooper and his real-life sweetheart, Bonita Granville, are featured in this comedy drama of high school youngsters.

When Ian Hunter, father of Gene Reynolds, is convicted of murder, Gene's schoolmates, led by Jackie Cooper and Bonita, set out to prove his innocence.

They have narrow escapes and other thrilling moments involving an unscrupulous blackmailer (Edward Ashley).

Adolescent talent includes June Preisler, as the blonde school vamp who tries to win Jackie from Bonita. And there is also an adult romance for Gail Patrick, playing Bonita's mother, and the gambler, Ian Hunter.

This film has plenty of adventure—and some lighter moments. The youthful characterisations are more interesting than the adult, which are stereotyped.—Capitol; showing.

### Shows Still Running

\*\*\* The Letter. Bette Davis in tense drama. Century, 7th week.

\*\*\* Escape. Norma Shearer, Robert

## Here's hot news from all the studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London

ANN SHERIDAN has won her fight with Warner Brothers. She has returned to work on a salary of £320 a week.

Five months ago Ann was suspended by Warners because she refused to work unless she was given a rise.

Warners has now agreed to pay her for the period of her suspension—a sum which amounts to £6400. She will be starred in a musical, "Navy Blues."

LANA TURNER is back from New York to go to work with Spencer Tracy in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Tony Martin gave her a joyous welcome, but Lana refuses to admit there is any romance.

JOHN GARFIELD's wife wants an acting career. She submitted her name to a plastic operation, and is now seeking a screen test.

She is a sparkling, vivacious brunette, with a brilliant smile.

BETTY GRABLE receives more fan mail from the boys in the Army, Navy, and Marines than any other actress. Her popularity with the lads in the service inspired Darryl Zanuck to star her in a navy story, "Pearl of Pearl Harbor."

The setting is the U.S. Naval base in Honolulu.

SHIRLEY ROSS and husband Ken Dolan will welcome the stork in the spring.

SMILING young Robert Cummings is becoming more and more popular as a leading man. Cummings is under contract to Universal (remember him in Deanna Durbin's "Three Smart Girls Grow Up"?), but he has just completed his first picture out on loan—to MGM for "Free and Easy."

Universal has just agreed to let him go to RKO for the lead opposite Jean Arthur in "The Devil and Miss Jones." For months RKO has been searching for a suitable young man to play this coveted role.

THE name of Joan Crawford's new chauffeur is Robert Taylor.

GRETA GARBO doesn't read her fan mail, so she knows nothing about the man from Kansas who writes to her once a week.

He repeatedly extends an invitation to the Swedish star to come and visit him. Now he is planning to go to California, and is trying to get permission from the studio to see her.

WHEN George Brent read that the Harvard Lampoon nominated him as the actor most eligible for retirement he laughed and said: "I've had the same idea as those babies at Harvard for years!"

PARIS under German occupation is the dramatic background of "Reunion," exciting story of a French patriot's dangerous fight to help his crippled country. The story has been bought by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

HEDY LAMARR likes to drive her own car. She is often seen in her roadster, on the way home from the studio, sitting at the wheel, while her colored chauffeur sits next to her enjoying the drive.

JOHN SHELTON, promising young actor under contract to Metro, has started flying lessons at the Metropolitan airport in Los Angeles. A friend persuaded Shelton to take his first flight the day after the actor finished his role in "Blonde Inspiration." Since then, Shelton has been in the air every day, weather permitting.

BETTE DAVIS and her husband, Arthur Farnsworth, are planning to adopt a baby.

TWO of the town's strong men, Cary Grant and Dean Jagger, are ill. For Jagger, it's sinus trouble; for Cary, it's plain, old-fashioned bronchitis.

JOY HOWARTH, in a natty bowler hat and riding costume, went off to work the other morning to play a supporting role in "Before the Fact." This film has Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine in the starring parts. Both Joan and Joy were under contract at RKO two years ago. "Before the Fact" brings them back to this studio for the first time since their simultaneous departure.

FRED ASTAIRE is back in the navy. Having signed a two-picture contract with Columbia, he is putting on his pork-pie hat and tight trousers to join the United States fleet for the film "He's My Uncle." His dancing partner will be Rita Hayworth. Paulette Goddard, who was with Astaire in "Second Chorus," is unavailable this time.

## Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent  
★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars — below average.

Taylor in excellent screen version of Ethel Vance's best seller. St. James, 2nd week.  
★ ★ ★ Pride and Prejudice. Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier in vivid period comedy. Liberty, 13th week.  
★ ★ Love Thy Neighbor. Jack Benny, Mary Martin in humorous farce. Prince Edward, 2nd week.  
★ ★ A Dispatch from Reuters. Edward G. Robinson, Edna Best in sound entertaining biography. Embassy, 2nd week.  
★ ★ Contraband. Conrad Veidt, Valerie Hobson in exciting spy melodrama. State, 2nd week.

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Are Taken in Neglecting a Simple Case of Piles

Any person takes serious chances in neglecting an attack of Piles. This ailment has a tendency to become chronic and there is also danger of ulceration, and forming of Fistula, both very difficult to cure. The safest remedy for any form of Piles, whether itching or protruding, is DOAN'S OINTMENT. In using it there is no detention from daily occupation, and the many cures made by it have made it famous in every corner of the world. It enjoys a greater demand and more enthusiastic popularity than any other Pile remedy ever placed on the market.

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## Gambled on her dancing

ANN MILLER THREW  
AWAY FOUR STAGE  
CHANCES BECAUSE  
SHE WANTED FILMS

From Barbara Bouchier,  
in Hollywood

**A**NN MILLER, the vivacious brunette tap-dancer whom RKO brought from Broadway last year to appear in "Too Many Girls," has just taken a lucky gamble on her dancing career.

This audacious young woman recently turned down leads in no fewer than four Broadway musicals, although she had no other movie job in view at that time.

But a few weeks later Ann was assigned to the dancing role in Republic's "Hit Parade of 1941."

The other day she signed a contract to star in musicals for this studio.



**PLUCKY** Ann is a tall, slim, self-confident young thing who just can't keep her feet still when she hears music. She lives for her dancing.

I saw her the other day dining at one of the town's most exclusive restaurants. When the band struck up a Conga number Ann stood up, pushed her chair back, and started in the most unselfconscious way possible to work out new tap routines. She usually prepares her own dances.

All her life Ann has been dancing and dreaming about movie fame.

She began her career as a buster-cropped youngster of five years when she took part in a school production in her Texas home town. When she grew older she kept on dancing to recoup her family's dwindling fortunes.

Later her parents moved to California, and at the age of fifteen Ann, who was already tall for her age, appeared in a solo dance act at the Orpheum Theatre in Los Angeles.

**THEY** wanted her for only one night—but the determined youngster worked out a clever routine of her own and stayed for a fortnight.

This led to a job in a Hollywood night club, where comedian Benny Rubin chanced to see her dancing. Rubin insisted that she take a screen test at RKO, and the studio immediately gave her a contract.

Ann played dancing roles in "New Faces of 1937," "Radio City Revels," "Stage Door," and finally in Capra's "You Can't Take It With You."

To get this role of the dancer in the Capra film Ann stoically ate chocolate sundaes four times a day for a week because producers thought she was too slender for the part.

She ate herself up to 9st. 9lb. Capra was alarmed at the result. So Ann cut out the sundaes and returned to normal—8st. 11lb.

Film jobs were coming too slowly for this energetic young woman. In 1939, when George White wanted to place her in his Broadway musical revue, "Scandals," Ann eagerly accepted his offer.

Broadway success brought her



● Hollywood's latest musical star, dynamic Ann Miller, who came from Broadway to dance in RKO's "Too Many Girls." Ann is wearing a three-piece suit with broad contrast cummerbund—the latest in spectator sportswear.

back to Hollywood—and here she means to stay.

From Broadway Ann has acquired a wardrobe of smart clothes and a new poise and calm assurance, which have already proved an invaluable help to her.

With her film-star earnings she has bought a house for herself and her mother just out of town, and a gorgeous cream-colored car which she drives herself.

She means to entrench herself so

firmly in Hollywood that she'll never be permitted to leave a second time.

At Republic they tell an amusing story about Ann which must be repeated.

It happened during the filming of Ann's biggest dance number in "Hit Parade of 1941."

A special sixty-piece orchestra, costing £30 an hour, was provided to play the music.

Everybody was waiting when the star arrived on the set. The dance director called for the usual

preliminary rehearsals, and the orchestra struck up.

But at the first notes Ann paused, flung out her arms, and whispered: "Wait! I see glistening black bodies beating throbbing tom-toms!"

With that she began a wild dance of her own invention. After a few minutes of this the director, stammering with fury, cried: "But, Miss Miller, we must record."

Brushing him aside Ann stopped still a moment. "Wait! I see a

great chromium coffee pot. It tips! And I pour out of the spout!"

Her second improvisation was even more bizarre than her first.

Finally the despairing director called a meeting of executives, discharged his expensive orchestra, and sent a drummer and a piano player into a back room to play mood music for Miss Miller.

It ended with studio and star compromising on a specialty number which Ann has named "Tango-rumba-Conga."





## He's famous for his Cockney humor



• England's latest comedy star, lanky, 31-year-old Tommy Trinder — and his famous grin.

### TOMMY TRINDER IS BRITAIN'S WARTIME FIND

**Y**OU are going to see a good deal of a lanky, lantern-jawed young Englishman in the future.

He is the Cockney fun-maker, Tommy Trinder, who has been well known on the English stage and radio for years.

Tommy is starring in the A.T.P. wartime farce, "Sailors Three." He was signed by A.T.P. because this studio feels the screen needs another comedian.

When he signed his contract with Michael Balcon to make "Sailors Three," a grin spread slowly over his long features as he spoke his famous catch phrase, "you lucky people."

But, picking up the pen, he added, "Thank Heaven, I learnt to write."

Trinder's ready wit and cheerful good humor have endeared him to the British public.

He has the true Cockney gift for lightning repartee. He is rarely lost for an answer.

He tells his audiences in his disarming way that they are lucky people to be entertained by him—and they love it.

He confuses the girl in the front row who looks at her programme during his act, by stopping his patter to say: "Tommy Trinder's the name, lady." And woe betide the late-comer who shuffles into his seat while Tommy is on the stage! He has an acid way of dealing with these offenders which never fails to delight the rest of the house.

Not so long ago Tommy Trinder was known only to a few patrons of the smallest provincial music halls.

He began his professional career



• "Sailors Three": Michael Wilding, the star Tommy Trinder, and Claude Hulbert, who share the comedy in this A.T.P. film.

• Above: An amusing scene from Tommy's new film, "Sailors Three," in which the comedian plays one of three British sailors who board a Nazi pocket battleship by mistake. Here he is tying up a couple of enemy sailors with the assistance of Michael Wilding.

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**TOMATO CHEESE SAVORY.** This makes a delicious luncheon dish. It is made with macaroni, tomatoes, and cheese, and baked in the oven.



**CURRIED BEANS** — appetising and nourishing. See recipe below.

WHEN specially prepared, sometimes with cheese, milk, or eggs, vegetables make appetising and nourishing main dishes and help to give variety to the family menu at a low cost.

## New ways to DRESS VEGETABLES...

WHEN you don't want to serve meat as a main dish, try one of these vegetable dishes. They are delicious and supply

nourishment at low cost. For instance, beans, which can be used in place of meat, are very high in food value, containing carbohydrates for energy, minerals for health, and proteins for body building.

### CURRIED BEANS

Four ounces each lentils, haricot beans, and lima beans, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1 pint stock or water, 1 dessertspoon meat extract, few tinned or fresh mushrooms, mashed potatoes, 2 onions, 2 tomatoes, salt.

Soak beans and lentils overnight in water to which has been added a large pinch of carbonate of soda. Next day, rinse well under running water. Put into saucepan with stock or water, onions and seasoning and simmer until pulses are soft (about 2½ hours). Add curry powder mixed to a paste with cold water, tomatoes and mushrooms and meat extract and continue simmering for further 30 minutes. Remove mushrooms and put on one side. Turn curried beans into hot serving dish. Garnish with mashed potatoes and arrange mushrooms in middle of dish. Serve with chutney.

### PARSNIP PIE

One and a half pounds parsnips, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 lb. grated cheese, salt and pepper, 2 tablespoons mashed potato, parsley.

Wash and peel parsnips and cook in boiling salted water till tender. Drain and reserve ½ cup of liquid in

**PARSNIP PIE**—an appetising way of preparing these root vegetables. Prepared with mashed potato and cheese.

onions. Stir together lightly, having macaroni almost covered with egg and milk mixture. Skin tomatoes and slice thickly. Arrange on top of casserole in lines, season well, sprinkle with remainder of cheese. Put into moderate oven and bake for about twenty-five minutes until top is golden brown. Garnish edge with parsley.

### VEGETABLE PIE

Two large cooked potatoes, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 2 onions, 2oz. vermicelli, 3 large tomatoes, 1 dessertspoon butter, chopped parsley, 1 cup white sauce.

Cover bottom of a buttered fireproof dish with slices of tomato. Fry sliced onion in melted butter till golden brown. Slice hard-boiled eggs and place layer over tomato. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and parsley, add a little of fried onion. Cover with

sauce, then a layer of vermicelli (previously cooked). Continue with different layers until dish is full. Cover top with thinly-sliced potatoes, dot with butter. Bake in a moderate oven until brown.

### SPINACH CREAM

One bunch spinach, 1 lb. mushrooms, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 hard-boiled egg, 1 cup white sauce, grated nutmeg, salt and paprika.

Prepare and boil spinach in small quantity of salted water until tender. Drain and chop finely. Arrange in border round a plate and keep hot. Skin mushrooms, chop, then saute in melted butter. Add to white sauce, together with grating of nutmeg, chopped white of egg and seasonings. Reheat and pour in centre of spinach border, then sieve yolk of egg over top.

Other recipes on Page 55

AS A VEGETABLE... *fascination!*  
WITH BACON... *temptation!*  
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BY THEMSELVES... *satisfying!*

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**HEINZ**  
OVEN  
BAKED BEANS

MADE IN AUSTRALIA

57

By MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

which parsnips were cooked. Mash all but three of them. Slice these into equal strips for top of pie.

Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, stir till smooth. Add parsnip liquor and bring to boil, stirring all the time. Add mashed parsnips and half the cheese, and beat well together. Pour into a greased fireproof dish. Arrange sliced parsnips on top and sprinkle with rest of cheese. Brown in top of hot oven or under grill and serve at once, garnished with parsley and a piping of mashed potato round edge and in middle.

### TOMATO CHEESE SAVORY

Six ounces macaroni, 6oz. grated cheese, 1 egg, ½ pint milk, 2 onions, 1 lb. tomatoes, 1 teaspoon made mustard, salt, pepper and parsley.

Break macaroni into 3in. lengths, slice onions thinly. Half-fill a large saucepan with water, add salt and bring to boil. Put in pieces of macaroni and sliced onions. Cook together until soft. Drain liquor from contents of saucepan. Arrange macaroni and onion in a casserole. Mix mustard with vinegar, and add to macaroni. Beat egg lightly, stir in milk, then pour over macaroni and



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The Lotion in the Round Bottle with Orange Label OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS & STORES





By  
Our Home  
Decorator

## Here is a new treatment for the FORMAL DINNER TABLE

FOR formal occasions the modern dinner table takes on a streamlined brilliancy. In the setting shown here, long runners applied in gay colors are used instead of cloth or place mats on a table topped with black glass.

Color is repeated in glassware and dinner service, and in the tall candles set in bases holding flowers and bonbons. Huge silver urns at either end hold bunches of black grapes and green leaves.

Plates and fruit cocktail bowls are glass, so are the handles of knives, forks, and spoons, which are placed face down on the table.



"Great Caesar's ghost! What's the matter, Tortoise, old man? Where's the old pep—the old ginger—the old up-and-at-em spirit? Are you the fellow that beats rabbits in foot races? Doesn't seem possible!"



"Oh, you aren't feeling up to scratch, eh? ... Well, sir—I see why. You've got quite a case of shell-chafe, haven't you? Wrists and ankles, too? Say, that's tough. MOTHER! Where's the Johnson's baby Powder?"



"Here it comes! When that soothing-soft powder starts gliding into your creases, you can tell chafes and prickly heat to go climb a tree. Your neck will feel so slick, you'll be pulling it in and out just for fun!"

"Best thing about being a baby is that you get powdered so often with silky, comforting Johnson's. It's made with extra-special, soft, fine talc."

Use Johnson's Baby Soap and Johnson's Baby Cream.

**Johnson's BABY powder**  
"Best for Baby—Best for you"

Johnson & Johnson — World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Teli Toothbrush, Mollies, etc.

A2-41

## Be a good gardener . . . make WAR AGAINST THE WEEDS

BE wise—don't let weeds get out of hand in your garden for they are the greatest robbers of nourishment, moisture, space and time in the world.

— Says **OUR HOME GARDENER**

If all the time that is spent in weeding could be used to better advantage, how bright and beautiful our gardens could be!

As it is we get down on all fours pulling up the rubbish day by day, month after month, and still certain varieties of weeds persist, so unceasing is their power of reappearing.

Take nut grass, for instance. It bobs up as cheerfully as a felled circus clown, who falls only to hop up with a "Here I am again" grin.

Then comes the dandelion, known in different parts of the world as blowball, lion's tooth, and peasant's clock. It is found almost everywhere.

It has triumphed over the skill of the horticulturist. It has beaten the most expensive hot-house and cool-house plant varieties in sending its offspring to brighten the world.

Anyone who doubts the dandelion's fitness to survive and humbles himself or herself by spending weeks trying to eradicate the plant from even one small lawn with a knife will find the turf starred with golden blossoms a few weeks later.

And the milk thistle is another that drops its seeds by means of downy parachutes that every puff of wind will carry away.

The common cape-weed is another immigrant that crept in as ballast many years ago, found conditions to its liking, and has prospered and flourished ever since.

Everyone has to fight weeds, despite the fact that Emerson said that "weeds are plants whose virtues we have not yet discovered."

### Wear out welcome

WHILE at times as a botanist I might consider it no small virtue in a weed to brighten the roadsides and paddocks with bright clusters of blooms, I maintain that even on roadsides weeds can wear out their welcome.

I regard weeds as the greatest robbers of nourishment, moisture, space and labor in the world. Let them seed and you can almost watch them thieving in the garden, squeezing other plants out, depriving them of food and water.

While most of our weeds were foreigners who crept in unannounced, they have made themselves so much at home that even our native flora is having a hard battle to live in competition with them.

Hundreds of miles of thistles, vast areas of datura, Mexican poppy, stinging nettle, stinkwort, wild amaranth, prickly pear, gorse, lantern, Paterson's curse, mullein, St. John's wort, burrs, castor oil plant,

sweet brier and blackberries prove the love these immigrants have shown their adopted country.

Some of them were introduced as garden plants, but finding insufficient elbow room escaped and "went bush," and we have been fighting them ever since.

The Dutch hoe, however, is their arch-enemy. With it an energetic man or woman can commit wholesale slaughter.

No specific is known that will kill weeds of a perennial nature without sterilizing the soil. Sodium chlorate is useful for killing blackberries, lantern and many other gross growers, but if the land is to be used for flower or vegetable growing large doses of this chemical will, to some extent, cause reduction of soil fertility.

Hand pulling of weeds is a tiring and exhausting exercise, but with perennial, long-rooted species it is the most effective.

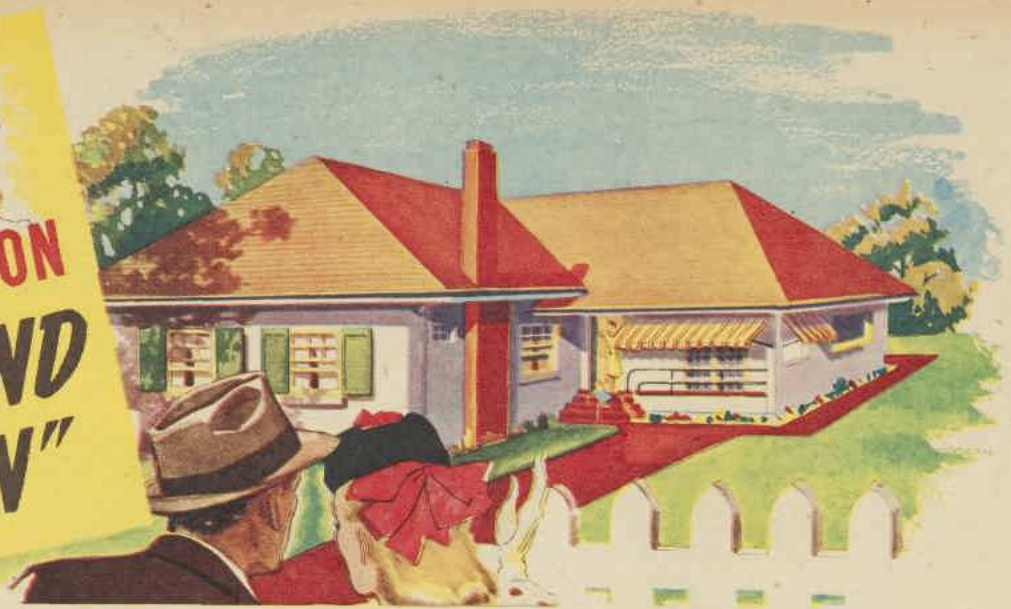
Most annual weeds, being of shorter and softer growth, will succumb if cut down with the scythe, but it is far better to root them out while they are small, before they go to seed or rob the soil.

Some of the bad points of weeds are that they take up space that should be occupied by useful plants; they screen off light and air and deprive flowers and vegetables of various manurial and moisture constituents.

Then, again, they are often harvested with crops which they deprecate.

Lastly, weeds harbor insect pests and fungus diseases which may spread to garden crops, or they may be poisonous.





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2: Solpah will give you colorful, modern floors at extremely low cost. Easy to use—a perfect job first time!



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NEW, EXCITING COLORS! In the 17 Solpah colors you can choose from, you'll find four new shades—Velvet Pink, Golden Oak, Kanimbla Blue and Grotto Green. No polishing—easy to keep clean. Every shop that sells paint sells Taubmans Solpah.

# SOLPAH

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WE'RE GOING TO SOLPAH OUR FLOORS THIS WEEK-END!



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Anne Stewart, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney. Please send me free your enlarged book "The Colorful Home", together with "Harmony in the Kitchen". I enclose 4d. in stamps to cover postage and handling.

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MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says that to look its best the surface of a velvet gown must be free from any blemishing crease or spot. Creases and spots can be removed from velvet if the dress is hung in the bathroom for a while over a tub of steaming hot water.

### Miss Precious Minutes says:

**WET** umbrellas should be closed and placed handle downwards to dry.

**BATHE** nettle stings with solution of 1oz. bicarbonate of soda in 1 pint water.

**IF** new potatoes are first soaked in salted water they will be easier to scrape.

**LINOLEUM** will wear better if waxed and polished every week and not washed.

**CLEAN** string or coconut matting with cold water and salt.

**TO** remove coffee stains from silk, pour glycerine over, leave for a while, and then remove the glycerine with methylated spirit.

## THESE RECIPES WIN PRIZES

### Honey fingers, cakes, pies, and other dishes

● The week's best entries in our recipe competition—an exciting contest open to all our readers. You, too, can enter, simply by sending us your favorite recipe. It may win a cash prize for you.

OUR weekly best recipe competition is simplicity itself to enter. All you have to do is write out your recipe, attach name and address and send to this office.

Every week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received and 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published.

So get busy with pen and paper now and write out that pet recipe.

#### HONEY FINGERS

Three-quarters cup sugar, 1 cup coconut, 2 cups rolled oats, 1 cup flour, 1 cup chopped peanuts.

Mix well together in a large basin. Melt 1 cup dripping and 1 tablespoon honey; dissolve 1 teaspoon soda in a little hot water. Now pour these into dry ingredients and mix well. Pat down flat on a greased tray and bake till brown. Cut into fingers while still warm.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Webb, sen., Beaconsfield, via Childers, Qld.

#### SPICED APPLE CAKE

Cream together 1 cup sugar and 1lb. butter, add 1 egg, and beat well. Sift together 1 breakfast-cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ginger. Add to the creamed butter and sugar and mix thoroughly.

Spread half the mixture on to a well-greased sandwich-pan and cover generously with cooked apple. Roll out remainder of mixture into a round shape and place on top of apple.

As this pastry mixture is moist and soft it is rather difficult to roll, but by using plenty of flour on board and rolling-pin it is made much easier. Serve when cold, covered with whipped cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Rouse, K.M.C., Duntroon, A.C.T.

#### HONEY SUNDAY PIE

Pastry: 1 cup wholemeal self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup milk.

Mix flour and salt together but do not sift. Work in butter finely with finger-tips and add milk to make stiff dough. Turn on to a floured board and roll out large enough to line an 8in. pie-plate. Fit well into greased plate and bake in hot oven 15 minutes.

Filling: 1 cup honey, 1½ tablespoons butter, 2 egg-yolks, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Combine honey, butter, and nutmeg in saucepan and boil gently 10 minutes. Dissolve cornflour in cold water, add egg-yolks, and beat well. Add cornflour and eggs to honey mixture. Stir till well blended. Bring to boiling point and boil 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove and cool. Add lemon juice, turn into baked pie-shell. Top with meringue, sprinkle with nutmeg, and place in oven to set meringue.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Clear, 106 Murray St., Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.

#### BUTTERSCOTCH FLUFF

Two dessertspoons gelatine, 2 cups milk, 1 cup hot water, 1 cup brown sugar, 1/3rd cup butter, 3 eggs.

Make a caramel with butter and sugar. Add hot milk and stir in beaten egg-yolks. Continue stirring until smooth and creamy. Dissolve gelatine in hot water and add to mixture. Stiffly beat egg-whites and add. Pour into a wetted mould and chill until firm.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Wickins, 51 View St., Annandale, N.S.W.

#### PEARL CAKES

Six ounces butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1½ cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup dates, 1 cup walnuts, cornflakes.

Cream butter and sugar and add egg, then sifted flour and baking powder, chopped nuts and dates.

Continue mixing until all the flour is blended in thoroughly. Mixture must be very stiff and on no account add any liquid. Rub teaspoonfuls into balls and coat well with some dry cornflakes and bake on a buttered slide in a moderate oven for about 15 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Edith Dawson, 4A Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

#### CHINESE VEAL

Six veal cutlets, some flour, pepper and salt, 1 cup dripping, 1 tin pineapple, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce.

Trim cutlets and dip in flour, salt, and pepper. Melt fat and fry cutlets quickly, browning on both sides. Remove from pan, place in baking-dish and pour over a sauce made with the pineapple, lemon juice, and Worcestershire sauce. Cover and bake for one hour in a slow oven. Drain slices of pineapple, dip in flour, and fry till brown in a clean pan. Serve cutlets on a hot dish with fried pineapple slices round them, and over all pour the sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. J. Gaston, Archer St., Clare, S.A.

#### GRANDMA WHITE'S SELF-RAISING FLOUR

Twenty-eight breakfast-cups plain flour, 2oz. cream tartar, 1oz. baking soda (crushing all lumps beforehand), 2 tablespoons of the best cornflour, 1 scant dessertspoon table salt.

First mix all ingredients in a large bowl, then put through flour sieve three or four times. Put into clean calico bag and keep in an airtight tin. Keeps well.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. White, c/o Waldon's Store, Little Yabba Creek, via Kenilworth, Qld.

#### TOMATO CUP SALAD

Six ripe tomatoes, 1 cup pineapple, cut fairly fine, 1 cup chopped cabbage, 1 tin asparagus tips.

Scald tomatoes and skin. Remove top slice and hollow out the centres to form cups. Place several of the asparagus tips in each cup. Mix cabbage and pineapple and fill spaces between tips. Serve on lettuce leaves with your favorite dressing. Garnish with slices of green pepper or radishes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. McCann, 12 Franklin Ave., Flinders Park, S.A.

#### MARROW LEMON BUTTER

Two pounds marrow, 2lb. sugar, 1lb. butter, 4 lemons.

Steam marrow until tender. Mash and cool. Put marrow, butter, sugar, rind and juice of lemons into a pan and cook gently half an hour. Rub through a fine sieve. Put into jars and seal. Keeps well.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss K. McKinnon, 46 Swan St., Richmond, Vic.



"Billy's had his last breakfast-time crying match," Snap, Crackle and Pop assured Billy's Mama, who was all worried up because Billy never would eat breakfast. "We're coming with a plateful of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles. We bet that'll be the end of your breakfast-time troubles with your little Billy."

Mrs. Russell could hardly believe it, when she saw how Billy took to that delicious oven-popped rice of Kellogg's. "Listen, Mum, Kellogg's Rice Bubbles go Snap, Crackle and Pop when I pour the milk on. Gee whizz!"

"Great jumping Kangaroos! Look how Billy's filling out!" No wonder! Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are brimming over with the energising, easily digested nourishment that growing children need. And your kiddies won't be able to resist that fascinating Snap, Crackle and Pop, either!

"Rice Bubbles" is a registered trade mark of Kellogg (Australia) Proprietary Limited for its oven-popped rice.

Hooray! We fixed it!



## Cooked Sausages & Vegetables

A tempting ready-prepared meal the whole family will enjoy. So delicious and so quick... Tasty Pork Sausages in a choice blend of nourishing Vegetables—a dish you'll certainly enjoy. Also Rosella Curried Sausages & Vegetables.

Midget Frankfurts & Beans in Tomato Sauce. Pork & Beans.

You can be sure of

# Rosella





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Robes in Lovely Chenille...

If you could see into the dressing-rooms of the film stars ... into the windows of the smart lingerie shops that line the Hollywood Boulevard ... you'd see these beautiful Chenille dressing-robos ... the identical dressing-robos that Australian departmental stores are displaying NOW. Created by American designers, and made in Australia on cabled advices flashed from the film centre, they are setting a new standard of fashion in bedroom wear. You'll like them for their cosy comfort, their easy laundering and their gorgeous styling. And because they are made here, you can secure a full length model for as little as 49/6.



*Bedspreads of Chenille are rapidly replacing older types of fabrics in all leading hotels, guest houses and modern homes. The ease with which it can be laundered and made to look like new, its cosy warmth, lightness and smart American styling being features that make it outstanding in this field. See some of the 50 new models recently introduced for the 1941 season.*



## Chenille

### DRESSING ROBES

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